

THE LIVING AGE.

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WIDE IS THE SHANNON.

Wide is the Shannon, very wide and
spacious,
Wild is the Shannon, home of every
gale,
Dull is the Shannon, leagues of open
water,
Leagues of open water, scarce a single
sail.
Tawny brown wavelets, sea-salt and
white-tipped,
Rolling in for ever, streaming from
the west,
Meeting with the current, beaten back,
embracing,
Salt and fresh commingling in one gray
and troubled breast.

River-way or sea-way, by what name
we call you,
Little reck's the trader of your wealth
of idle waves,
Tiny rivers mock you, reckoning up
their navies,
Skiff, and barge, and wherry, busy ply-
ing slaves;
East and west I view you, ever grayly
speeding
Home and vacant playground of the
idle, wind-torn clouds,
Wastes of roving darkness, streaks of
glowing brightness,
Dusky depths of shadowland, hid in
scrolling shrouds.

Steeply the meadows slip down to your
pebbles,
Battered elm and thorn-tree shoulder
rock and ledge,
Here a sudden curve, tender green, be-
witching,
There a bare and barren stretch, void
of tree or hedge.
Swift fly the shadows, darting down
the reaches,
Cloud-races run on a wide aerial
course;
Lights born and fading on your solitary
vastness,
Shining but to bring to light some fad-
ing patch of gorse.

Ancient battered oaks, sere, and bald
and sapless,

Through their lichen'd branches your
current twists and heaves,
Mossy green or olive, the sheeny ripples
glitter,
Smooth as polished agate betwixt the
bristling leaves.
Off away to seaward, where you spread
your widest,
Clare leans out to meet you, stretches
forth an arm,
Infinitely lonely, desolately stony,
Scarce a waving sky-line, scarce a field
or farm.
Swift the nimble Fancy leaps that
narrow rampart,
Lands upon the further side with blithe
and beating breast,
Looks around and onward, clapping
hands and hailing
All the light and glory of the living,
moving West!

Ho! the living West, with its moving,
moving waters!
Ho! the golden West, where the sunsets
dance and play!
Limits hath it never, rolling on for
ever
To the never-fading sun-fields, the
Motherlands of day.
Out of it comes freshness, out of it
comes gladness,
In it sleep the breezes that set the soul
awhirl,
Hope and all enchantments, Love the
wily wizard,
Memory with her deep caves, and open
gates of pearl.

Therefore idle Shannon, spendthrift
amongst rivers,
Pourer forth of treasure to the waste
indifferent night,
Love we you, and cherish, bringer to
our thresholds
Harsh and bitter weather, but melody
and light.
High road to bewitchment, open gate
of sunset,
Strewn with restless fires, with islands
of the blest,
From whose steel-gray bosom spreads
as from a mirror,
Light and lovely color, the Wild Wealth
of the West.

Emily Lawless.

The Outlook.

MR. MORLEY.

Not the least interesting administrative appointment in the autumn of last year was that of the foremost living man of letters—a philosophic Liberal, a Little-Englander, the ardent advocate of Home Rule, the persistent foe of war and coercion—to the government of our great Asiatic dependency, the child of Clive and Hastings, the creature of strife and fraud, the seat of benevolent despotism, and that a despotism imposed and maintained by an alien race. The political and parliamentary history of the century will certainly not be the poorer for the singular presence of Mr. Morley in the world of affairs. And at the present juncture his figure is more than usually interesting. For those who are not deceived by appearances are well aware that the school of thought which Mr. Morley embodies more fully than any living man is fast dying out. Liberalism in any intelligible sense will not last another generation. In a score of years the strange adventure upon which the nations of Europe embarked in 1789 will be concluded, and we shall revert, doubtless with many and formidable changes, to an earlier type. The principles of unchecked individual liberty and unrestricted competition have, to use the ancient phrase, been tried in the balance and found wanting. The golden dreams have proved elusive, and the golden hopes have ended in disappointment. Yet, whilst English Liberalism is flickering with all the power of the expiring candle it is worth examining the opinions of its stoutest champion. As the critical student of the French *philosophes*, as the biographer of Cobden, as the disciple of Mill, as the friend of Gladstone, Mr. Morley has a record second to none in the ranks of his party. He is, too,

one of those rare spirits who have tried to weave the threads of his thought into a seamless robe, and who have worked a well-drawn political design into a not altogether congruous groundwork of ethics and historical reflection. We find in his writings all the genuine characteristics of Liberalism; its deep-set pity for suffering, its optimism, its passionate regard for truth, its belief in thought as the *sine qua non* of progress, its cosmopolitan humanity, its hatred of oppression, ecclesiastical or civil; together with its hastiness, its over-confidence in its own judgment, its scanty respect for other creeds and philosophies and methods of work, its readiness to substitute the artificial for the natural. To his democratic enthusiasms he unites, too, those aristocratic sympathies¹ which are seldom wholly absent from the man of culture—a latent protest against a creed which, if its plans were ever fully realized, would leave little soil or space for the higher growths of civilization. Then, too, we may have something, also, to say of the literary presentation of these doctrines.

He tells us that he passed through his Oxford life when "the star of Newman" had set, and while "the sun of Mill" was high in the heavens. To those of us to whom undergraduate life is a much more recent experience, that which he took to be a sun seems little better than a brilliant meteor, which cheated for a little the anxious eyes of men with an illusive splendor, and now grows yearly dimmer as it passes, like other philosophies, down a path upon which there is no returning. We have, indeed, extraordinary diffi-

¹ See especially the essay on Joseph de Maistre.

culty in realizing the intense enthusiasm which utilitarianism was once capable of exciting, so insufficient now seem its sanctions and so inadequate its standard. The popular philosopher of the day, Professor James, has gone so far as to tell us that Mill's "consciousness of his subject is beginning to put on an infantile and innocent look," and, though of course utilitarians can be reckoned by thousands, there are few who care to blazon their creed. Yet Mr. Morley's nervous English is there to prove the inspiration which was once latent in those cold sentences. It is, perhaps, impious to assail a gospel—even a fallen one—in a paragraph. Yet to the present writer it does not seem possible to turn over Mr. Morley's pages without feeling that he has a heart higher than his confession of faith. Little need be said of the sanctions of the utilitarian. Duty, conscience, love of humanity, even Mill's awkward formula of "a subjective feeling in the mind," are only the disguises of God. The danger is lest the sanctions should be numbed by a chilling, unworthy standard. Happiness is a word which is apt to change its significance with the character of the speaker, and the habit of considering men in the aggregate leads one to forget that they are ends in themselves. To most people the use of such a standard as "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" seems to justify much of which Mr. Morley very heartily disapproves. Thus, for instance, if this is your standard of morality and if you also believe in Democracy, which is as much as to say that men are the best judges of their own interests, it is hard to see, in the event of your being outvoted, by what right you continue to exhort them to choose the more excellent way. Ought you not rather to welcome the popular verdict and strive to bring your own opinion into conformity with it? Or, take

again the question of international morality, which Mr. Morley has very near his heart. Few people would deny that the greatest happiness of the greatest number has been promoted both in Germany and Italy by the policy of unification. Yet this policy involved the incidents of the Ems telegram and the cession of Savoy and Nice. As to the affair of the telegram, nothing need be said here, for no moralist would attempt to defend it, whilst to Cavour the recollection of the price he had paid to Napoleon was always so painful that he could never endure any reference to it. Yet if the utilitarian calculus be adequate, both statesmen should not merely be justified but commended. Mr. Morley, however, pleads against "reason of state" with a severity which would not ill-become one who held Newman's doctrine of sin. It is only fair, however, to say that he struggles desperately to fit the facts of history into the formula by urging that the international iniquities of the rulers debase the character, and so the happiness, of the nation. Probably the reverse of this is true. As a rule the people care nothing for public morality. If they could be induced to do so, it would be, perhaps, by some specially gross violation of it on the part of the governing class; so that disregard of it might, if utilitarians are right, prove rather a stimulus to national character.

Mr. Morley's Romanes lecture on "Machiavelli," in which he makes his attack on "reason of state," is really in the same category as its famous predecessor, Huxley's "Evolution and Ethics." Each is the protest of a singularly austere moralist against principles which on intellectual grounds cannot be easily disowned. Each is the confession of an idealist who fears his followers—not unreasonably—may mistake him for something else. But it would be unpardonable to offer to that

brilliant essay, which is, probably, the high-water mark of Mr. Morley's writing, no warmer tribute than this. It has been compared to the work of a musician who knows how to blend together the sounds of many instruments; and the comparison is not inadequate. Now we catch a note from Molière or Goethe or Tennyson, then something louder, a phrase from Thucydides or Butler, now again a deep piercing chord from Dante or Michelangelo—all harmonized without show or strain. In fifty short pages he concentrates the wisdom of a lifetime—a lifetime which has been passed, like Machiavelli's own, partly in the council-chamber of statesmen, partly in the "ancient courts of the men of old." It is, to change our simile, as if a man were to spread over the sober warp of his own life a woof of many tints and colors.

The moral fervor that glows in the closing pages of the Machiavelli burns with an intenser heat in the treatise "On Compromise," of which the motto is, "It makes all the difference in the world whether we put Truth in the first place or in the second place." The writer sets out to find the boundary between "wise suspense in forming opinions" and "disingenuousness and self-illusion," between "wise reserve in expressing opinions" and "voluntary dissimulation," between "wise tardiness in trying to realize them" and "indolence and pusillanimity" in neglecting the attempt. The book is throughout an untiring rebuke to those who adopt the conventional path of easy compromise; the tone of it stimulating, trenchant, thorough, very foreign to an age which is more ready to ask a question than to stay for the answer. No one, who reads intelligently and who can be quit of political or religious bias, will lay it down without finding that he has been undergoing a very vigorous self-examination.

The chapter on "the possible utility of error" is another extremely ingenious attempt to oppose on utilitarian grounds those disingenuous persons who support religion not for its truth but for its expediency. Yet Gibbon and Voltaire in familiar oracles and Bagehot when he speaks of "the pain of new ideas" have taught, what few students of history and hardly any statesmen would deny, that an age of popular faith is always happier, more vigorous, more contented, more productive, than an age of popular doubt, and that even religious credulity is always pleasanter, alike for the society and the individual, than religious vacancy. Surely, then, the moral principle which forbids us to encourage and countenance error is something better than "registered generalization from experience," out of which alone, Mr. Morley will have it, true moral principles are built up. The explanation—it is not (intellectually speaking) an excuse—is, perhaps, that when "Compromise" was written the writer was expecting the early advent of a new religion—not Comte's, but something akin to it—which should arise, phoenix-like, out of the ashes of Christianity. Meanwhile another historian,* not less eminent and gifted with a singularly piercing moral insight, was warning an Oxford congregation that "one thing is certain: nothing can take the place of Christianity." There are indications in his latest work that Mr. Morley would hesitate before refusing to subscribe to that judgment.

It is time to turn from these high moralities and set our feet in less precipitous places. We have now to follow our author for a little into the company of those earliest Liberals, who live again in the light of his powerful sympathy. With such a guide, indeed, those must be strangely difficult who do not catch the enthusiasm

* Dean Church.

of the *philosophes* whom Holbach would gather round his hospitable board at Grandval—the freshness of their conversation, their boundless faith in the future of the race, their keen delight in intellectual toil, their hatred of ecclesiastical tyranny, their belief in thought and individuality as the great regenerators, their unflinching courage in face of opposition. For one of the party, who appears a little rougher than the rest, our sponsor, we observe, has a peculiar regard, and it is plain that this affectionate intimacy arises from a common width of horizon, a fondness for speculating upon certain ultimate matters concerning Nature and Man and Society, above all from a persistent determination to regard nothing as truth that does not permit of immediate intellectual demonstration. On inquiry, we learn that we are face to face with Diderot, the very focus of the rationalistic thought of the day. In respect of the others, our guide seems to entertain no preferences; though we notice that there is one—a solitary, mournful figure—whom he addresses with some reserve and constraint. This, he tells us, is Rousseau—a sentimental dreamer, a writer, whose spring of action is not the head, but the heart, unpractical, somewhat given to egotism and self-observation, yet the master of a graceful, appealing style which makes him the very prophet of human suffering and sorrow. Elsewhere we become acquainted with one who is principally engaged in popularizing other men's ideas, an untiring and rapid worker, whose literary pursuits do not prevent him from greedily snatching at an intimacy with men of affairs, and who is, in fact, himself a man of the world. To the example of this brilliant journalist, Voltaire by name, our author confesses himself to be not a little indebted.

With these men Mr. Morley has more than a passing literary acquaintance.

He is to some extent the heir of their temper and prejudice as well as of their idea. Thus his creed has that quaint aristocratic tinge which makes Liberalism so difficult in theory to reconcile exactly with Democracy, although in practice the first can never live long, if at all, without the other. Diderot and Voltaire, to say nothing of Gladstone and Cobden, were accustomed to contemplate with more than complacency the existence of a set of privileged persons; and Mr. Morley does no less. The difficulty lies in the formation of this class. We read of an interview between Gladstone and Ruskin, when the latter attacked his host as "a leveller," whereupon Gladstone replied, "Oh, dear, no! I am nothing of the sort. I am a firm believer in the aristocratic principle—the rule of the best. I am an out-and-out inequalitarian."

The true question [comments Mr. Morley] against Ruskin's and Carlyle's school of thought was how you are to get the rule of the best. Mr. Gladstone thought freedom was the answer; what path the others would have us tread neither Ruskin nor his stormy teacher ever intelligibly told us.

This sounds plausible enough until we come to consider what conditions are necessary to the growth of the aristocrat. The more obvious of these are leisure and an educational atmosphere in which culture, self-control, reverence for tradition, indifference to money, chivalry, and some other good things are elements; but unluckily no one has ever yet been able to invent a mechanism to supply such conditions to the self-made man until he is too old to profit by them. In fact a genuine aristocracy exists to a large extent to combat those very methods by which the intellectual aristocrat of liberal dreams must climb to power. For though such men make excellent

recruits, they are very sorry officers. It would, of course, be perfectly permissible to treat this view as mere speculation if, unluckily, America and France, where the desired facilities have been completely supplied, were not there to show us what an uncommonly poor thing an aristocracy of intellect, selected as it must be by democratic methods, really is. Still we may say of it, if we will, as Rousseau said of Democracy itself, that it is a government made for gods, and that "*un gouvernement si parfait ne convient pas aux hommes.*"

But, indeed, it is not merely by the supporter of the old order that Mr. Morley's constitution is assailed. A creed, which at its best is only a revival and at its worst a misapprehension, is already dealing cumbrous blows at the Liberal structure from many different points of attack. Socialism, compounded as it is of principles that were perfectly understood by our forbears and of a crude misunderstanding of the Sermon on the Mount, is not an easy doctrine to touch upon. In so far as it is the outcome of the gospel of social solidarity which Carlyle preached with so much force in "*Past and Present*" and Froude described with so much grace in the first chapter of his history, it represents a perfectly sane rebellion against the mechanical system which Mill has unfortunately stereotyped. Political economy, if it is justly called a science at all, is only so as part of the science of sociology. Also it is an art as well as a science. Economic men like Mr. Gradgrind and Mr. Bounderby are not merely bad men, but pernicious citizens. The State can with advantage control the conditions of work and direct the activities of the workers. Economics is merely a department of the national administration, and it is possible to pay too heavy a price for the increase of

wealth. All this, however, is what Mr. Morley and those who think with him will by no means allow. Yet the opposition which Liberals—quite consistently—offer to the State regulation of trade is merely the counterpart of their opposition in the past to the State regulation of labor. The reader need fear no digression on tariff reform. Only, when Mr. Morley tells us of the rain, which in the autumn of 1845 rained away the corn laws, it is tempting to suggest that there will some day come a frost which, by emphasizing the need of stable employment, shall freeze away Free Trade.

We have followed Mr. Morley through stony places; yet these rough tracks are the only road to the fair realm which lies beyond. For his power of historical presentation was acquired on the dry inhospitable paths of ethics and politics, of meditation on life and contact with affairs. His eager predominating interest in morality, his shrewd generalizations on public policy, are qualities which bring him now into the neighborhood of Tacitus and now of Thucydides. At every turn the austere moralist and the wise politician are lurking behind the historian; and we would not have it otherwise. Yet, evidently enough, this disqualifies him from taking rank with the more devoted, the more impersonal masters of his art. He tells us himself that there are three sorts of history—that of the mere annalist, that of the statesman, and that of the philosopher—and we should no more think of placing him with Buckle, or again with Lecky, than with gossip like Suetonius. He could not follow Gibbon's example and deliberately seek out an age where no modern bias should disturb his judgment without depriving his work of more than half its vigor and all its piquancy. Besides, as we move backwards, the "moralities" are obscured—"those noble mo-

ralities" which, as he tells us, are "the life-blood of style." For in dark ages standards of right and wrong and motives of action are hard to discern, and familiarity with modern customs and constitutions is rather a hindrance than a help. Thus he is best as the critical partisan of the early French Liberals, or when, as in dealing with Gladstone, he is entrusted with the brief for the defence, or, as in the case of Cromwell, when he has to thread his way through the mazes of moral casuistry. It is, indeed, something more than a coincidence that almost at the same moment he should have studied and explained and vindicated with extraordinary skill the two great theological statesmen of English history; both of them believing in something like direct spiritual inspiration, both of them masters of subtle self-analysis, both of them betrayed, by circumstances or otherwise, into burning what they had adored, both of them fiercely disliked and still more fiercely assailed, accused of unscrupulous ambition, selfishness, hypocrisy, yet to their intimates the object of unbounded regard and veneration. Surely Mr. Morley has been justly named "an inverted theologian."¹

For the latest fashion of writing history, where enthusiasm has to be replaced by laborious research and broad sweeps of color to give way to minute and painful detail, he has something akin to contempt. What is the use, he asks, of adjuring historians to stick to facts when the very function of the historian is to select and interpret them? How can facts be tested without some guiding principle? "Talk of history being a science as loudly as ever we like, the writer of it will continue to approach his chest of archives with the bunch of keys in his hand." This is profoundly true, and any attempt to neglect it will leave us

¹Times.

with a mass of incohesive judgments which, taken one by one, are appetizing enough, but, in conjunction, leave us hungry and discontented.

What is style? We have a right to ask the old question of the great stylist of the day, and at least we receive no uncertain, if no novel, answer:

Style, after all, as one has always to remember, can never be anything but the reflex of ideas and habits of mind, and when respect for one's own personal dignity as a ruling and unique element in character gave way to sentimental love of the human race, often real and often a pretence, old self-respecting modes of expression went out of fashion.

Have lofty sentiments, and your manner of writing will be firm and noble.

Those noble moralities that are the life-blood of style and of greater things than style can ever be.

"Le style, c'est l'homme." That is probably the first and last thing that can be said about it, and of that everything else is but a paraphrase. Mr. Morley certainly tells us no more, though he gives a fine echo to the saying. Yet people are slow to recognize the corollary—that style is one of the most forcible of preachers, and will become more so as knowledge is more widely diffused. Tone, temper, habit of mind, are all conveyed by style, and a man's character will be moulded by the literary manner of what he reads as much as by any other of the mundane influences to which he is exposed. Let any one reflect how permanent and ineffaceable has been the effect of Newman's style upon Englishmen for the last half-century, far more so than Newman's ideas. Mr. Morley's own writing, again, might be used as an example. No one can lay down any book of his without feeling braced, stimulated, deepened, without being more conscious of the nobility of life.

To the present writer, who probably has not one single religious or political opinion in common with him, no writing appears more calculated to inspire the reader with a sense of patient, strenuous, unflinching effort. The manner is always French in its terseness, English in its reserve, admirably suited to the needs of modern oratory, but possessing a certain stateliness of motion which reminds us that the grand manner is not yet altogether dead. The writer believes so firmly in the justice of his opinions that we are always conscious, sometimes too conscious, that he would make converts of us. Lucretius he considers the first of poets, and Dryden's estimate of Lucretius might, not unfairly, be applied to himself:

If I am not mistaken, the distinguishing character of Lucretius, I mean of his soul and genius, is a certain kind of noble pride and positive assertion of his own opinions. . . . He seems to disdain all manner of replies, and is so confident of his cause that he is beforehand with his antagonists; urging for them whatever he imagined they could say, and leaving them, as he supposes, without an objection in the future.

So difficult is it to press beyond "the flaming ramparts of the world" and then to return and suffer the little thoughts of men. Yet, if it be true that "Lucretius has the wisdom of this world with him,"* Mr. Morley at heart is none of his. For the wisdom of this world is complacency and indifference, but Mr. Morley writes often with all the austere and concentrated bitterness of the spiritual reformer. What more scathing piece of satire, for example, could we wish to revel in than this on the "man of the world"!

Who does not know this temper of the man of the world, the worst enemy of the world? His inexhaustible pa-

*"John Inglesant."

tience of abuses that only torment others, his apologetic word for beliefs that may perhaps not be so precisely true as one might wish and institutions that are not altogether so useful as some might think possible; his cordiality towards progress and improvement in a general way, and his coldness or antipathy to each progressive proposal in particular; his pygmy hope that life will one day become somewhat better, punily shivering by the side of his gigantic conviction that it might well be infinitely worse.

This is a note which comes from a later school than Lucretius, and reminds us of that unsuspected confession of Voltaire—"During that time [whilst Calas remained unvindicated] not a smile escaped me without my reproaching myself for it as for a crime."

Of positive teaching Mr. Morley gives us little, and intends to give us little. As we have seen, he regards religion as subject to all the pains of dissolution, and he has hard words for those who, like Comte, would have her suffer, at one and the same time, the pains of birth. Thus he commends Voltaire, "perhaps the one great Frenchman who has known how to abide in patient contentment with an all but purely critical reserve, leaving reconstruction, its form, its modes, its epoch, for the fulness of time and maturity to disclose." So, too, and for the same reason, he praises Mill. Yet he is too good an historian and moralist not to contemplate with pathetic enthusiasm the ages of belief, "the two short ages of conviction and self-sufficiency." Even now "we fight that others may enjoy; and many generations struggle and debate that one generation may hold something for proven." Thus for the time he falls back upon that which is not essentially different from Stoicism. With the gospel of uncertainty in his hand, he requires of us a rigid strenuous life. Be-

hind stern, set faces we are to conceal our doubting hearts. When, for all we know, Humanity may already have crossed the summit of human perfectibility, and have entered upon the inevitable decline, our belief in the future is to remain undimmed. Truth is relative, yet we are to pursue it with increasing endeavor, with the courage and confidence of those who seek the absolute. And, as if we had not contradiction enough, this proud, defiant creed, matured surely in the school of Prometheus and which could never be more than the property of the cultured few, is found in the mouth of an avowed democrat and put forward as the present philosophy for mankind.

Thus the style has all the charm of a strange, uncommon blend of democratic opinion and aristocratic senti-

The Monthly Review.

ment, of religious doubt and dogmatic assertion, of dislike of the world, with shrewd observation of its habits. Thus, in the stops which dominate the keyboard of that rich, pure diction, we catch the expression of many moods and passions. For there is nothing in the world to equal the strong man who is not hard, and, if he happens to have command of form, he can touch all chords from fine rage to unsubdued suffering. Such divine music must always dull, though it ought never to deaden, the discord of creeds and political confessions.

"Burke," says Mr. Morley, in a vivid sentence, "has the sacred gift of inspiring men to use a grave diligence in caring for high things and in making their lives at once rich and austere." No less might be said of himself.

Algernon Cecil.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, MAN AND AUTHOR.*

In a letter of Walter Savage Landor's, dated 1843, when the long experience of years lay heavily upon his shoulders, the old man, speaking of some purloined papers, said with a phrase of characteristic brevity, "I believed I had deposited them in a safe place. There is no such place." Nor, one is inclined to add, is there any legatee to whom a man of public interest may confide the safe keeping of his private life. Private life might seem to be a possession each human being has a right to give or withhold from communal property, and although, if he leave no special directions, the world may reap the benefit

*1 "Hawthorne." "American Men of Letters Series." By George E. Woodberry. Boston and New York: Riverside Press, 1903.

2 "Hawthorne." "English Men of Letters Series." By Henry James, jun. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

3 "Hawthorne." *Collected Works, Thirteen Vols.* Riverside Edition. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1894.

of the doubt and indulge its curiosity unhindered, yet when he has expressed an unequivocal desire that his memory should lie as it were in a shuttered house, it surely behooves the living depositaries of his wishes to abstain from the lifting of the curtain and the opening of the door. Nathaniel Hawthorne's injunctions were explicit; he deprecated a post-mortem intimacy with a world he had—it was a marked feature of certain inherent qualities of his nature—consistently kept at arm's length. "Hawthorne's own wish was that no one should attempt to write his life," the preface to the "Note-Books" edited by Mrs. Hawthorne tells us. "My father"—here the speaker is the editor of "Memories of Hawthorne," and refers to his last days—

began to express his wishes . . . to burn old letters, and to impart to my mother and Una all he particularly de-

sired to say to them, among other things his dislike of biographies, and that he forbade any such matter in connection with himself in any distance of the future. This command, respected for a number of years, has been, like all such forcible and prophetic demurs, most signally set aside.

Never, possibly, more signally. His widow edited his "Note-Books," 1868, 1870, 1871. His son-in-law, Mr. Lathrop, in his "Study," 1876, shows us (to quote Mr. Moncure Conway) "much of the relation between the private life of Hawthorne and his works," Julian Hawthorne, in "Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife," 1885 "reveals the romance of his father's career."¹ Mrs. Lathrop's (Rose Hawthorne) "Memories," 1897, comprise a large number of family letters and recollections. It may seem a harsh judgment, but so far as these dwell upon the home life of the Hawthornes, their publication justifies to the full Hawthorne's neglected prohibition. Such records have an astonishing power of blunting sympathy and repelling appreciation. The personality of the figure which should be central is obscured, not illuminated, by the overwhelming multitude of petty details thrust upon our notice, and it becomes difficult to acquit the man himself of complicity in the indiscretions of these confidences. So much is made known to us that we irrationally forget it was Hawthorne's intention we should know nothing save what he himself had given of himself to his readers. We seek the author in his world, the wide world of his study, not, in the domesticities of household employments, while perpetually recurrent anecdotes of the Hawthorne family, however harmless, remind succeeding generations how much more the interest attaching to a man's life depends on oblivions than memories. "I burned," Hawthorne enters in his diary

¹ Hawthorne, by M. D. Conway, 1890.

of 1853, "great heaps of old letters and other papers . . . among them were hundreds of —'s letters. The world has no more such, and now they are all dust and ashes. What a trustful guardian of secret matters is fire! What should we do without fire and death?" In these publications the privileges of both have been wrested from him.

It is with a different feeling we turn to two of the Hawthorne biographies, written by men who may claim recognition as authoritative representatives of American literary criticism—Mr. Henry James and Mr. George Woodberry. Mr. Henry James's study of Hawthorne's works has a special value as the appreciation and valuation of the greatest of American novelists for the greatest of American romantics. Mr. Woodberry gives, with as much reticence as sincerity allows, a fuller record of events and surroundings, and a literary history of Hawthorne's writings. His detailed criticism is perhaps from a wider standpoint of human life than would be possible to the fellow artist in fiction, whose own curious psychological bent towards the supernatural is so alien to "*le fantastique sérieux*" of the author of "*Transformation*," "*Septimius*," and the "*Dolliver Romance*."

The narrative comprises few episodes of any special importance. Except in the one instance of Hawthorne's temporary connection with the ideal and socialistic experiment of the Brook Farm community, no general interest attaches to any of his unliterary avocations. Born in the little township of Salem, Massachusetts, in the year 1804, his permanent home during childhood, boyhood, and earlier manhood was with his mother, a widow, and his two elder sisters. After some preliminary studies he completed his education at the provincial college of Bowdoin, Brunswick, Maine

—the college commemorated in Longfellow's "Morituri Salutamus." Hawthorne's college days passed with him as with hundreds of other lads, their most notable results being the inauguration of two lifelong friendships, one with the future President, Franklin Pierce, the travelling companion of the last hours of Hawthorne's life; another with an equally faithful comrade, Horatio Bridge. On his shoulders, in a prefatory letter to the "Snow Image," Hawthorne indeed lays the responsibility of his literary vocation:

If anybody is responsible at this day for my being an author, it is yourself. I know not whence your faith came; but while we were lads together at a country college, gathering blueberries in study hours under those tall academic pines . . . or shooting pigeons or gray squirrels in the woods, or bat-fowling in the summer twilight, or catching trout in that little shadowy stream which I suppose is still wandering riverward, though you and I will never cast a line in it again—two idle lads, in short (as we need not fear to acknowledge now) . . . still it was your prognostic of your friend's destiny that he was to be a writer of fiction.

The graceful compliment was, no doubt, as compliments are, only a manner of speech. Hawthorne came into the world with the birth-mark of the writer. His native instinct was to transfer impressions from life, or from imagination, to paper. His first published work exemplifies his permanent method. Reminiscences of college serve him as background to the tale he published three years after the close of his academic career. "Fanshawe"² may be regarded as an embodiment of ideas of romantic villainy proper to youth, with traces, easily decipherable, of the experiences—or inexperience—

of the collegian; when twenty-four years had matured his talent he used Brook Farm and its inmates in like fashion to supply the ground plan of the "Blithedale Romance." But if the practice of the utilization of reality in fiction was the same, the results were widely different. "Fanshawe" displays few traces of the Hawthorne of the future, who was at no small pains to destroy all evidence of the immature experiment. "You make inquiry," he wrote to Mr. Fields (the publisher of "The Scarlet Letter"),

about some supposed former publications of mine. I cannot be sworn to make correct statements as to all the literary or other follies of my nonage, and I earnestly recommend you not to brush away the dust that may have gathered over them. Whatever might do me credit you may be pretty sure I should be ready to bring forward; anything else it is our mutual interest to conceal.

The right of suppression has, however, been disallowed, and "Fanshawe" has been reprinted from copies which eluded destruction.

On leaving college, for twelve or more years Hawthorne remained, with temporary absences, an inmate of his mother's home at Salem. He shared the almost conventual seclusion which had become Madame Hawthorne's rule of life. The little family group, the widowed mother, the two daughters and Nathaniel, lived isolated both from the interests, gossip, pleasures, and excitements of the township, and from one another. It was a house of silence and shadow. Madame Hawthorne's long mourning for her husband suffered no abatement of grief's zealous habit. No lapse of years erased the signature of her loss, although, if her son's words in his "Wives of the Dead" refer to her, "her heart, like a deep lake, had grown calm because its dead

² Fanshawe, republished, vol. xi., *Collected Works*.

had sunk so far down within it." The eldest daughter, Elizabeth, had caught the infection of apartness; the younger, with less rigor, conformed to it. Where there is nothing to give it is well to ask nothing: the Hawthornes and the world requisitioned nothing each of the other. The picture drawn of these three women, sufficient to themselves, with their books, their thoughts, their flower-garden and their quiet charities of duty and affection, their days unstirred by the trivial currents of Salem life, has a singular restfulness and dignity. It is true that biographers have dwelt with insistence upon another and more sombre aspect of the household quietude. A legendary curse, with the tendency such curses have to work their own fulfilment, lay on the race. The arms azure of the first Hawthorne^{*} settler bore a stain of red, nor had three generations of seafaring and farming descendants effaced the blood-mark from the blue. William Hawthorne, notorious for remorseless persecution of the unhappy Quaker women who fell into his hands, first blotted the escutcheon. John Hawthorne, second of the line, won infamy as witch-torturer. Both Puritans strong in faith, maybe acted as the judges of the Inquisition, as the perpetrators of half the atrocities of religious creeds, acted from time immemorial before them. But their cruelties surpassed those sanctioned by the callous conscience of their day, and the voice of tradition unanimously endorsed the justice of the curse invoked upon John Hawthorne, magistrate of Salem, by one amongst his victims.

On the artist's imagination, touched by that sense of vicarious participation in guilt which cries "*mea culpa*" over another's sin, the tradition set its mark. Beliefs of the imagination, however set

aside by the rational incredulities of the intellect, color a man's outlook. Legendary curses, hereditary dooms, are specialized symbols, strands of wider fatalistic credences, and a strong element of fatalism was inherent in the descendant of those grim judges.

I, their representative, hereby take shame upon myself for their sakes, and pray that any curse incurred by them—as I have heard, and as the dreary and unprosperous condition of the race, for many a long year back, would argue to exist—may be now and henceforth removed.

Hawthorne wrote, and the temper of mind the words betray, the tendency to subordinate the influences of will to the influences of destiny, lies—as in "*The Scarlet Letter*" and "*The House of the Seven Gables*"—at the very foundation of his most mature imaginative achievements. The thread of fate may be twisted, it may be re-dyed, but rarely in his hands is it broken.

How much the strong individuality, the intense personal quality of Hawthorne's imaginative powers, owed to the remote home atmosphere and its complete estrangement from the everyday, busy, social provincialities of Salem may be conjectured. There are plants that root best in the dark, and there is a kind of imagination that needs the fosterage of silence and loneliness if it is to engraft itself as a vital fibre in the tissue of the brain. Had his intercourse with his fellows been closer during that period of literary novitiate, one of the most perfect artists of fantasy might have existed. He did not recognize the gain. Whatever advantage the artist was to reap, the man seems to have become more and more feverishly conscious of something lacking. So in truth there was. Not alone were all superficial incidents of an active life—of an "out-world"—wanting, but there was a strange ab-

^{*}The original spelling of the name was altered by N. Hawthorne.

sence of those spiritual incidents of the "in-world" which may make of the veriest anchorite cell a battle-ground where human passions in ebb and flood tide, change and conflict, stamp the soul-calendar with red-letter days and black, with feast days and days of expiation, with deaths, births, burials, and resurrections. The impotent revolt against this passive monotony of existence became an *idée fixe*. "I have been carried apart," he says in a letter to Longfellow, his old classmate, then well advanced on fame's high road, "from the main current of life and find it impossible to get back again. I have made a captive of myself and put me into a dungeon, and now I cannot find the key to let myself out, and, if the door were open, I should be almost afraid to come out." And throughout his papers are recurrent phrases evidencing the sharp regret for what he had grown to consider as his lost days of youth and manhood. "During my solitary life in our old Salem house it seemed to me that I had only life enough to know that I was not alive."

The apprenticeship of solitude was, however, to end. In 1837—Hawthorne was then thirty-three—the precincts of the Hawthorne dwelling were resolutely invaded by their neighbors, the Peabodys, whose attention and interest had been aroused by the publication of the "Twice Told Tales." "I can imagine nothing more curious to the Peabodys than people who withdrew themselves from choice," is Mrs. Lathrop's frank confession as she describes the means taken by her mother's family to force an entrance into the jealously guarded citadel. Success attended their efforts, and two years later Nathaniel became engaged to the youngest daughter, Sophia. It was the inauguration of a new era, divided from the old by barriers which could never be recrossed. Henceforth,

though his actual marriage was deferred for some years, he comes before us accepting the ordinary conventions of social acquaintance, and living, without any distinctive individualism of practice, whether in Salem, Boston, or Concord, the everyday life of common men. He has quitted the world where he "was surrounded by shadows aping the realities of life." He has signed a compromise with actualities, if he has not sealed a surrender of dreams. It remains to say he never regretted his choice.

In this second stage of Hawthorne's career it may be briefly stated that, with the prospect of marriage prompting him thereto, he entered active employment as "weigher and gauger" at the Boston Custom House. Literature so far had failed him as a financial calling, nor had his talent won recognition. "I sat a long, long time waiting for the world to know me"; the reading world had declined the acquaintance. He welcomed the plunge into practical activities, but long before his two years' tenure of office expired he had learnt that the thralldom of business and the market-place was as intolerable to him as the captivity of seclusion and shadows. Moreover, the double preoccupation of the Custom House duties and lovemaking effectually checked the exercise of his creative genius. A series of more or less instructive children's tales,⁴ published by his sister-in-law to be, Miss Elizabeth Peabody, owner of a library, book, and drug store in Boston, evidenced the suspension of his imaginative impulse.

A second business venture led him to make trial of community life at Brook Farm. The heroic malady of the planting of ideal societies was abroad, but the enterprise for Hawthorne had the attraction of an experi-

⁴ "Grandfather's Chair," 1841; "Famous Old People," 1841; "Liberty Tree," 1841.

mental novelty. A group of transcendental idealists, drawn from various classes, not content with idle dreaming of Utopian dreams, had set themselves, George Ripley at their head, to evince the sincerity of their beliefs by their practice.⁵ Without infringing upon individual privileges, they were resolute to reap the advantages of a fraternal communism. Manual labor was to be apportioned to each, that intellectual leisure might cease to be the prerogative of the few, and that happiness (so far as freedom from the stress of poverty can ensure it) should be within the reach of all. It is the ever-recurrent, insistent vision of those who are great in love, boundless in faith, and undaunted by experience.

His attitude towards the scheme was neither that of discipleship nor sympathy. He was in search of a livelihood. "He was merely," says Mr. Woodberry, "prospecting for a home in which to settle," and the plan of combining manual labor with intellectual pursuits was in accordance with his inclinations of the hour. It was inevitable that the community life, entered upon with no glamor of enthusiasm, with no illusions of faith, should prove as distasteful to the new member of the brotherhood as his labors at the Custom House. Hawthorne dug, milked, carted loads of manure, planted peas and potatoes with the reform fraternity, and the experiences of Miles Coverdale in "The Blithedale Romance" written ten years after, may be fairly taken as a portrayal of the author's attitude of mind during the months when he shared the toil without sharing the ideals and aspirations of his associates. He acknowledges, in his own person, his remoteness of spirit and interest.

The real Me was never an associate of the community; there has been a spectral apparition there, sounding the horn at daybreak, and milking the cows and hoeing potatoes, and raking hay, toiling in the sun, and doing me the honor to assume my name. But this spectre was not myself.

His sentiments are further summed up in his "Note-Book":

Joyful thought! in a little more than a fortnight I shall be free from my bondage . . . free to enjoy nature, free to think and feel! . . . Even my Custom House experience was not such a thralldom and weariness. . . . Oh, labor is the curse of the world, and nobody can meddle with it without becoming proportionably brutified! Is it a praiseworthy matter that I have spent five golden months in providing food for cows and horses? It is not so.⁷

The verdict illustrates clearly Hawthorne's outlook. It does not occur to him that the final results of the labor test, applied to ideal theorists in yard and field, might be sought for beyond the precincts of cowshed and stable; it does not enter into his estimate that to provide food for cattle may have been as important a moral item in the campaign of Mr. Ripley's apostolate as the cultivation of the higher intellectual faculties. In "The Blithedale Romance" he has drawn a typical propagandist of reform, the humanitarian Hollingsworth, defined by Mr. Woodberry as a selfish and heartless egotist, sacrificing everything wrongfully to his philanthropic end. There is shrewd justice in the portrait, but it is impossible not to feel that the narrowness of Hollingsworth's fanaticism is equalled by the narrowness of Miles Coverdale's sympathies, and that with all his failings the fanatic is the more generous egoist of the two. In truth, Hawthorne's sympathies, like those of

⁵"*Brook Farm*," by L. Swift; "*National Studies in American Letters*." New York. 1904.

⁶"*Blithedale Romance*," published 1852.

⁷"*American Note-Book*."

many an artist by temperament, were imaginative rather than responsive. They sprang from certain inner conceptions and attached themselves to creations of his own invention. They were not elicited by living contact with the actualities of human life, unless those actualities adapted themselves to their imaginative counterparts. Not at Brook Farm alone, where, he wrote, "I must observe and think and feel and content myself with catching glimpses of things which may be wrought out hereafter," but throughout life his point of view was apt to resolve itself into that of the professional spectator. The habit was ingrained, possibly involuntary, as his record of his mother's dying hours (with every value given of his double view of the death-chamber within and the children's play-acting at death in the garden without) attests. Mr. Woodberry, with a tolerance one cannot share, shifts responsibility from the man to the genius of the man, but he gives the passages in sufficient fulness for each reader to form his own conclusions. "About five o'clock I went to my mother's chamber, and was shocked to see such an alteration since my last visit. . . . I did not expect to be much moved at the time," the entry begins. It proceeds with a vivid picture of unexpected overpowering distress. "Surely," he says, "it is the darkest hour I ever lived." But his two children are playing in the garden, and the eye of the artist is quick to note the dramatic contrast.

Through the crevice of the curtain I saw my little Una of the golden locks, looking very beautiful, and so full of spirit and life that she was life itself. And then I looked at my poor dying mother, and seemed to see the whole of human existence at once, standing in the dusty midst of it.

The next day the children continued the play of their grandmother's death-

bed, and Hawthorne notes it in his journal with minute realism. . . .

Now Una is transformed into grand-mamma, and Julian is mamma taking care of her. She groans and speaks with difficulty . . . then lies perfectly still as if in an insensible state. . . . Again Julian assumes the character. "You're dying now," says Una, "so you must lie still." . . . And so the journal goes on through the slow quarter-hours, till it stops when Madam Hawthorne's heart ceased to beat.

It may be Hawthorne believed that these passages, the confidences of a reticent man to a sealed page, had been "deposited in a safe place." One regrets that, in writing what surely can have been meant for no eye but his own, he had not realized the practical veracity of the sentiment the same diary records and consigned the sheets to that reverent sanctuary of love and grief, "the trustful guardianship of fire."

As the years advanced he carried observation to a fine art. His later writings, as any study of his "Note-Books" evidences, with all their semblance of fantastic romance, contain a circumstantial register of things seen. In our day it has been the tendency of great imaginative writers, Maupassant and Zola not excepted, to overlay imagination with ostentatious and assertive realism. Hawthorne's method was the reverse. In his earlier work the thread was spun from within. "I have seen so little of the world that I have nothing but thin air to concoct my stories of," he confessed. "Sometimes," he adds, "I have caught a glimpse of the real world, and the two or three articles in which I have portrayed those glimpses please me better than the others." Later on, albeit his "real world" was of limited dimensions, he

* "American Note-Books," published 1868; "English Note-Books," 1870; "French and Italian Note-Books," 1871.

did all that in him lay to appropriate it to literary use. Hawthorne's *vérité* is elaborately sheathed in symbolic extravaganza, it is disguised by innuendoes of supernaturalism, but those who are at pains to seek will find it is always there, and that, as the proverb says, the length of the scabbard is the length of the sword.

Hawthorne was thirty-nine; he had not yet discovered a mode of existence to his liking. Intellectual solitude, city business, active-labor, each in turn he pronounced states of Egyptian bondage. In 1842 he resolved to return to literature as a profession, and to postpone his marriage no longer. The course of events during the remainder of his career may be shortly stated. For a space of three years he and his wife, with the first child born to them, had their home at Concord. A second volume of "Twice Told Tales," one of biographical stories for children, and the volume of stories, "Mosses from an Old Manse," were published during these years. From 1846 to 1849 he held office, poverty again compelling him to seek active employment, as inspector of the Customs in his native town of Salem. Forfeiting the post on political grounds, he fell back upon a country life with literature as a means of subsistence, and achieved long-deferred fame by "The Scarlet Letter."⁹ "The House of the Seven Gables,"¹⁰ appeared in the following year, with "True Stories from History," &c., "The Snow Image," and other tales. The year after, the "Blithedale Romance," with two books for children and some other minor ventures, were published. In 1853 he took office as American Consul at Liverpool, the presentation lying in the gift of his boyhood's friend, President Franklin Pierce, to whose successful candidature he contributed a campaign "Life."¹¹ During

his seven years' residence as official or tourist in Europe "The Marble Faun" ("Transformation") was the only literary work of note accomplished. He returned to America in 1860, to fall into enfeebled health. "Our Old Home," prepared from the "English Note-Books," was produced in 1863. The year following, Hawthorne, then invalided and travelling in the care of his faithful and affectionate college comrade, ex-President Pierce, died during a tour in Northern New England.

For the reader on this side the Atlantic the chief interest of Hawthorne's biography must be sought in the picture it affords of the group of brilliant literary contemporaries gathered together in the villages and townships of Massachusetts during the earlier and middle decades of the nineteenth century. Emerson was born at Boston in 1803. Margaret Fuller, a markedly vivid figure, was born at Cambridgeport, near Boston, in 1810. Thoreau, junior to Hawthorne by thirteen years, was born at Concord. These, with Hawthorne, stand out, each after his own fashion, from the circle of lesser lights, subordinate personalities existing for us chiefly as their friends, companions, or correspondents, but who one and all contribute their small individual quota to the general characteristics of the intellectual atmosphere.

That atmosphere is singularly distinctive. The impression, no doubt one-sided, produced upon the mind as one reads the biographies belonging to that place and period, is of a remote backwater of the world, where existence, varied by the experiments of a few vagrant spirits, passed tranquilly and quiescently, where thought predominated over action and emotion, where the sinister religious vehemence of the old Puritan race had declined, despite the flickerings of transcendental

¹¹ "Life of Franklin Pierce," by N. Hawthorne.

⁹ "The Scarlet Letter," published 1850.

¹⁰ "The House of the Seven Gables," 1851.

fires, into a passive sobriety of mental, moral, and social stagnation. The scene presents the aspect, not of the open ocean, but of the harbor; the ships that anchor there are ships that have never set sail for sea. And if some tempest-battered hulk or broken lifeboat tells of the distant surges, the hurricane and the rock, one forgets the exceptions, as the ripples of the torpid haven lap round the prows of those safely moored vessels. Another kindred impression is of a certain gentle maturity which seems to pervade this becalmed world. Youth, the youth of light-minded gaiety, of reckless adventure, of irrational joys and irrational despairs, the youth of flame-bright surprises, forgetful of yesterdays and to-morrows, may have been an element in that human company, but it is an element whose levities and heartbreaks we seem scarcely called upon to reckon with. These men are in no wise addicted to the casting of the dice in life's game of hazard. Instead, earnest effort, assiduous attention to the graver issues of life, to the claims of duties and affections and ties, and the rival gospels of differing preachers of righteousness, absorb their attention. Errant passions, moral or emotional, whatever might be their literary utterances, found little place in the accepted scheme. The social decorum which reigned was in strict accordance with the spiritual sense of the community at large. The established rules of conduct embodied, not the homage of recognition, but actual and practical conformity to the laws of the Decalogue.

Perhaps we are scarcely far enough removed by time and change to feel the charm of a moral atmosphere unfretted in its philosophic altitudes by the cross-purposes of life combative. The very background is in keeping with its secluded woodlands and lazy riversides, so near to the Boston of those

days that the very streets of the city come within the radius of country life. Pasture and orchard and field and fenced garden-plots, rows of New England elms and grass-grown yards, shaded roadways and pine-fringed waters, are part of the story. And autumn lights and spring lights, lights of summer and snow, fall on lanes and trees and scattered dwelling-places, with changes and transformations carefully noted by those professional observers of nature's many moods. Farms, mansees, cottages, wooden villas, with window to right and left of the house door, seem imbued with the aroma of an old world which stands still while a newer world hurries past. The streets retain an individualism contrasting with the impersonal universality of the thoroughfares of cosmopolitan cities. In them—more significant than chapters of description is Hawthorne's comment on the streets of one great English metropolis—the passers-by had leisure for curiosity. "In America," Hawthorne wrote after his first experience of Liverpool, "you catch the eye of every one you meet; here you catch no eye at all."

Emerson occupied in the natural course of things the pontifical chair at Concord. His wooden house, homely and hospitable as simplicity and kindness could make it, had the dignities of philosophic supremacy. Pilgrims of thought come and go in that household temple, they sit at the feet and circle round the hearth of the "radiant optimist," thinker and poet and teacher, whose one reproach, according to his English biographer,¹³ was "that with full knowledge that his history must be written, he thought fit to lead a life devoid of incident, of nearly untroubled happiness and of absolute conformity to the moral law." And the portrait has been drawn again and again of the

¹³"Life of Emerson," by B. Garnett, L.L.D., London, 1888.

tall figure with shoulders slightly bent as befits a scholar, with brows not over high above the deep-set blue eyes (the blueness is emphasized), with the sensitive mouth, and the semblance "as of a spirit entrusted with earthly interests."

Possibly, through the illuminated gauze disciples cast over their life models, we do not see the reality too clearly, but there is an accent of truth in the consensus of opinion concerning the Concord apostle, and Hawthorne himself, who lived and died outside the spell of Emerson's personal attraction, has left us a picture¹³ of the votaries of the shrine.

Young visionaries, to whom just so much of insight had been imparted as to make life all a labyrinth around them, came to seek the clue that should lead them out of their self-involved bewilderment. Gray-headed theorists, whose system, at first air, had imprisoned them in an iron framework, travelled painfully to his door, not to ask deliverance but to invite his free spirit into their own thralldom. People that had lighted on a new thought, or a thought they fancied new, came to Emerson as the finder of a glittering gem hastens to a lapidary to ascertain its value.

Near at hand is Walden Pond—a walk from Hawthorne's old manse—the woodland and waterside where Thoreau, Emerson's sometime house-mate, nature's fastidious ascetic, rehearsed a return to the simplicity of nature with a seriousness proof against disillusion and a faith armored by gift of grace against disenchantment. "Back to nature" was the old cry of Rousseauism. But never was a return to nature so disjoined as Thoreau's from all association with that ragged begrimed moralist, Jean Jacques, the

lover of humanity, and the melancholy reformer of men's lives. R. L. Stevenson has sketched his Thoreau¹⁴ in a study of which he characteristically acknowledged the errors: "reading the man through his books I took his profession in good faith. He made a dupe of me." The Thoreau of the "Letters," the Thoreau of refugee slaves and hunted foxes, the Thoreau of John Brown's defence, may have been the type of philosophic egotism some of his writings imply, but there were breaches in the wall of self. Further, we may all recognize our debt of gratitude to a man who diligently endeavored to present the world with an object-lesson in the possibilities of attainable happiness. He had learnt the secret. "Give him sunshine and a handful of nuts, and he has enough," was truly said of him. And whether pencil-making, lecturing, writing, or living with earth's wilder growths in his Walden cabin; winning the untamed friendliness of woodland beast and bird, he was perhaps a dispenser of more useful wisdom than many a greater and a wiser man. He was a doctor, not in medicine, law or divinity, but in the healing art of living in touch with nature. His faith, moreover, had that certificate of efficacy many a faith lacks. It was sufficient to the teacher, and he was of those physicians whose remedies cure themselves. "I love my fate to the rind and core." "Of acute sorrow I know comparatively little." "My happiness is a good deal like that of the woodchucks." Sentence after sentence may be quoted at random, and all ring true—even when, as he lay dying, he wrote, "I suppose I have not many months to live, but of course know nothing about it. I may say that I am enjoying existence as much as ever, and regret nothing."¹⁵ So Thoreau

¹³ Introduction to "Mosses from an Old Manse."

¹⁴ "Men and Books," H. L. Stevenson.

¹⁵ "Familiar Letters," Thoreau. Edited by F. B. Sanborn. 1894.

quitted the scene, leaving to his critics the reflection that it requires no little courage to confront both life and the leaving of it with the same equable serenity.

Emerson and Thoreau were optimists—and optimists taking their happiness, to speak truth, rather over-seriously, considering its negative quality. For, so far as the stranger without the gate can judge, neither the one nor the other ever penetrated to the inner court of human emotion, where there is neither happiness nor unhappiness, pain nor pleasure, but only the ultimate sense of what—for want of a distinctive term—one must call the possession of life's desire. There is something over-feminine, clinging to the manner of thought and living, to the narrowed radius of their human experience, something over-domestic, notwithstanding Thoreau's interims of celibate solitude, in the outlook of the whole group of thinkers. Friendships are the episodes, correspondence one of the businesses of the hour; conversations, discussions, opinions, formal or informal, stand for action; a journey, a lecture, a sermon for events; the doings and sayings of children and neighbors, the comings and goings of guests and acquaintances, are the main objects upon which attention is focussed.

Even George Ripley, founder of the Brook Farm community,³⁶ Emerson's senior by one year, touched by sharper vicissitudes, with a moral intrepidity, a willingness to lift the wheel of destiny upon his shoulders lest the weak should fall beneath its weight, carries with him the same household atmosphere. Though a soldier of social redemption, he lacked the attributes of the free-lance reformer. He, he also, was never young. "True to my old principles," he writes, sedate with his

twenty-one years, amid the turmoil of a college rebellion, "I did not join the mob." At twenty-four he marries, but is careful to state that it was not "upon any sudden or romantic passion," but out of "great respect" for the wife he faithfully loved. Mrs. Ripley's tragic death, when her husband, a ruined idealist of an extinct community, was serving an apprenticeship to journalism and starvation, is one of the saddest incidents these biographies relate.

Akin to Ripley in her eager humanitarianism, Margaret Fuller³⁷ alone amongst the group breaks the slow harmonies of Concord with a dissonant note. A storm-soul amid souls of pasture and peace, hers was a nature of many angles; her birthright the capacity to suffer. Her passionate childhood with its crises and catastrophes, her malady of self-consciousness, her fevers of morbid enthusiasms, her distempered arrogance, her deep generosity of friendship, her fearlessness, her conversational brilliance and scholarship, above all her total lack of the art of adaptability, belong to characters more of our own time and world than to the Salem of last century. If the literary men with whom she lived on intimate terms seem tinged with over-womanliness, Margaret, double-dyed woman as she was in her affections, failings, and emotions, seems beside them endued with a hardihood and vigor rather befitting a combatant on an open field than a woman whose days were divided between the claims of the higher culture, self-education, magazine writing, school teaching, and the propaganda of transcendental idealism. Neither Emerson nor Hawthorne had any whole-hearted affinity of friendship for the one woman of their intimate associates whose talent and originality were undisputed. Possibly she was not a too

³⁶ "George Ripley," *American Men of Letters Series*. By O. B. Frothingham. Boston.

³⁷ "Margaret Fuller (Marchesa Ossoli)," *Eminent Women Series*. By J. W. Howe. London, 1883.

congenial spirit to the women of their households—their “household saints,” to borrow Ripley’s formula for a friend’s wife. She had that uncomfortable measure of the heroic temperament which, as a rule, is only tolerable to others when heroism of mind can translate itself into heroism of action. And her enemies were bitter-tongued and bitter-penned, as J. R. Lowell’s envenomed and witless satire testifies:

But here comes Miranda. Zeus, where
shall I flee to?

She has such a *penchant* for bothering
me too.

She always keeps asking if I don’t
observe a

Particular likeness ’twixt her and
Minerva.¹⁸

She may have justified the attack, but a keener-eyed and more sensitive poet would have seen what he did not—the vehement chivalry, the knight-errantry of an undisciplined woman, who passed through life taking upon her the burdens of the weak, the sad and the disgraced, and seeing, would, for his own sake, if not for the sake of the woman, have kept silence. Her place in the Concord world and beyond its bounds was unique. “All the art, the thought and the nobleness in New England seemed at that moment related to her, and she to it,” was Emerson’s generous and candid admission; while Hawthorne asserts that on her had been imposed a “heavy gift of intellectual power, such as a strong man might have staggered under.”¹⁹ A woman with neither beauty nor grace, her sole charm seems to have been the attraction of a changeful vitality, and she owed her position, maybe, more to the force of her intense humanity, to the swifter-flowing current of her

blood, than to her gifts and talents of mind. It is an indication of the bent of her human rather than of her intellectual and emotional sympathies that, visiting “*mon frère*,” George Sand, Margaret records, “I never liked a woman better”; adding, “her position here” (it was in Paris they met) “amongst her intimates is the same as my own.” The assertion implies a curiously incomplete conception of dissimilarities.

After Margaret, whose marriage in later life to an Italian revolutionist was so much in character that the story reads like fiction, other figures of whom we get side glimpses pass like shadows. There was Ellery Channing, a “questioner who had ceased to ask,” a poet who wrote poetry for poets, whose talk was “evanescent spray,” and who indulged fantastic speculations beside fires—long have their ashes been scattered—of fallen boughs, with Hawthorne for fellow speculator. And then, one of the few intimates Hawthorne owed to Brook Farm, the “half-crazy Brook-farmer Frank Farley,” the wounds of whose enthusiasm, it would appear, needed frequent stanching. There was Bronson Alcott, arch-transcendentalist, “all bent on saving the world by a return to acorns and the golden age,” as Carlyle saw him, “with long lean face, with his gray worn temples and mild radiant eyes”; and poor Jones Very, the typical *homme incompris*, sonneteer and Idealist, whose attempt to fit his practice to his creed was like to end lamentably enough, for men more (or less) sane treated him as a lunatic, and it was after an interim spent under constraint that he emerged to exercise the duties of his clerical office. Others there were, too, who come under the heading of what Hawthorne terms “originals in a small way,” adding that “after one has seen a few of them they become more dull and commonplace than even those

¹⁸ “Fables for Critics.”

¹⁹ Introduction to “Mosses from an Old Manse.”

who keep the ordinary pathway." Of one and all Hawthorne wearied.

After my fellowship of toll and impracticable schemes with the dreamy brethren of Brook Farm [he writes at the end of the first few years of life at Concord], after living for three years within the subtle influence of an intellect like Emerson's . . . after talking with Thoreau about pine trees and Indian relics in his hermitage at Walden, after growing fastidious by sympathy with the classic refinement of Hillard's culture, after becoming imbued with poetic sentiment at Longfellow's hearthstone, it was time . . . I should exercise other faculties of my nature. Even the old Inspector [whose portrait is sketched at length in the preface to "The Scarlet Letter," hale, florid, brisk, in the rare perfection of his animal nature, and the very trifling admixture of moral and spiritual ingredients], even the old inspector was desirable as a change of diet to a man who had known Alcott.

This is to say that from his literary associates, those whom time, circumstance, and a common professional interest in books assigned to him as associates, Hawthorne, from first to last, stood apart. It is difficult to rid oneself of the feeling that between him and Emerson the friendship was of neighborhood, not affection; it was a friendship *de convenance*. The friendship with Thoreau is less tainted with critical coolness. The close observer of earth commended himself to the close observer of man, and perhaps Mr. Thoreau—the prefix is always entered in the "Note-Books"—was a comrade more to Hawthorne's taste than most. He was out of sympathy with Margaret Fuller, and whatever reminiscences of her are to be found in Zenobia of "The Blithedale Romance" explain, from his point of view, the distaste. Few individualities bear translating into types without losing their redeeming qualities in the process; least of all that of

the woman-reformer—and we feel that for Hawthorne Zenobia only became pardonable in dying. On the other hand, one is not surprised to hear Margaret on her first acquaintance with his writings took the author for a woman. A more sincere warmth of feeling, a more spontaneous cordiality, belonged to his relationships with his old unliterary college comrades, whose devotion was lifelong. "Pierce was the only man Hawthorne loved with his full heart," is Mr. Woodberry's verdict, and no doubt it is just. Hawthorne, from the time when first he forsook solitude, comes before us as a home-centred man. Selfhood extends in widening circles. The boundary wall of the egoist *par excellence* is the limit of his conscious personality. But there are stages of egoism where self includes much besides—family, friends, community, race, nation; till at length it is merged in some unmargin'd ocean of the universalist's fraternity—humanity, or the religionist's infinity—God. Without, however, reaching those far horizons where in its personally possessive sense the "I" is lost, many a man releases himself from the first phase of selfhood—a phase obviously ignoble, despite all glamor of modern paradox—to content himself with the second. Lover, husband, father, he possibly adds some few elect friends to the more immediate ties, and, recognizing and fulfilling his obligations to prefer their welfare, their happiness, to his own, he conceives he is discharged from further debt to mankind. Whatsoever else he bestows is an alms-deed, a voluntary gift of supererogation. The love which lays down life, or things greater than life, for those without the pale of love, we call heroic, and by the very word imply that it surpasses what we conceive to be the spontaneous instinct and impulse of our nature.

The record of Hawthorne's life indicates his limits with distinctness. It

was a life, as regards his immediate surroundings, neither selfish nor egoistic. But its domestic boundaries were never shattered from within by any volcanic ideals of religion, patriotism, or by that rarer but equally explosive enthusiasm christened love of humanity. Nor was it stirred from without. The awakening episodes of national disaster, the clash of rival forces, the battles of faith and loyalty—all the tumultuous forces set loose by Northern abolitionist and Southern "rebel"—never beat down the outworks, never forced the spectator, the observer of tragedy and comedy, to take his share of living experience amongst the fanatics of ideas or the partisans of causes. His article, "Chiefly about War Matters," written in 1862, when emotions surged throughout the country, is eminently characteristic. It contains the well-known criticism of Emerson's catchword. "I shall not pretend," writes Hawthorne, visiting John Brown's improvised fortress, afterwards his prison, at Harper's Ferry,

to be an admirer of old John Brown . . . nor did I ever expect to shrink so unutterably from any apophthegm of a sage, whose happy lips have uttered a hundred golden sentences, as from that saying . . . that the death of this blood-stained fanatic has "made the gallows as venerable as the Cross!" Nobody was ever more justly hanged. He won his martyrdom fairly and took it firmly . . . any common-sensible man, looking at the matter unsentimentally, must have felt a certain intellectual satisfaction in seeing him hanged, if it were only in requital of his preposterous miscalculation of possibilities.

The editorial note is appended, "Can it be a son of old Massachusetts who utters this abominable sentiment? For shame." Mr. Moncure Conway tells the sequel. He had hastily carried the magazine (the "Atlantic Monthly") to

Emerson, pointing out this and other unfavorable commentaries. "Emerson read the censorious notes and quietly said, 'Of course he wrote the footnotes himself.'" Emerson, who could never read Hawthorne's romances, read his old friend.

True it is, those of us who have ceased playing see most of the game, but, with the proviso, we must first have played it. This Hawthorne had never done. It was an affair of temperament; the gods who bestowed upon him the gift of imaginative genius forgot to endow him with the faculty of personal experience. The saving experiment of strong passions in its full compass and harsh glare was never his; the lash never coiled round his own bare nerve, nor did the fangs of the wolf leave their print on his heart. He had not even the compensating capacity for real contact with other men's passion. It is a contact which breeds contagion, and with men of acuter sympathy and less self-contained interests may in a degree supply the deficit of experience lived and suffered. The lack of either the one or the other capacity leaves the reader of Hawthorne's personal biography with a sense of loss. Further it must be frankly confessed that, perusing the prosaic details of officialism and domesticity multiplied in family diaries, recollections, and journals, those of us who had divined for themselves the figure of the great Fantastist as he revealed himself in his fictions, undergo a rude shock.

The Hawthorne we had divined was another Hawthorne—Hawthorne, author and artist, not Hawthorne, father and husband. Few authors have introduced themselves more persistently to their public, few writers have made themselves more intimately present in their works. In all Hawthorne's prefaces and introductions, written with the fastidiously expert touch of a lit-

erary miniaturist, and equally in the self-disclosures, the conscious and intentional egoisms that thread many narrative portions of his tales, he deliberately portrayed himself. He has confessed it. In the preface to "Twice Told Tales" he says,

The author came to be regarded as a shy, gentle, melancholic, exceedingly sensitive and not very forcible man. He is by no means certain that some of his subsequent productions have not been influenced and modified by a natural desire to fill up so amiable an outline, and to act in consonance with the character assigned to him.

In fact, Hawthorne added one more figure to the creations of his fancy—the figure of the author. We took his creation for truth.

And the author, presented with such fine pencil-strokes that one wonders how so clear an impression derives from so faint an outline, has a charm which the Hawthorne of biographies has not; it evades only to haunt the mind. Here he is the showman who sets the marionettes in motion, there he is the organ-grinder who grinds the tune. Again, he is the stage-manager who makes his bow to the audience and retires—though by some spell of his personality, while we always are in sight of his figure, we never chance to look upon his face. "How little I have told!" he exclaims somewhere. And yet from his earliest publications how much! He has laughed, in a minor key, with the laughter of his puppets; with a half-smile too, when they cry, he has wept. Their griefs come to us as the shadows of his moods, their gaiety as the rarer sunshine. In the sketches of his first literary period we hear the wonder-horn of youth sounding in his ears, the call to the roadway, the call to the far-off. We see him following, not too successfully,

²⁰ "The Seven Vagabonds."

the call. He is one of the "Seven Vagabonds" of his own story," though his six companions—pedlar, Indian, dancing girl, fiddler, juggler, and the master of the caravan—detect in him, with the sure instinct of the born road-farer, an amateur in the art of vagrancy. "My associates were a little ashamed of me"; they were, in the gray-haired itinerant's language, "an honest company of us"—all could win their living in some creditable fashion, with fortune-telling and kindred crafts—"while you, sir, as I take it, are a mere strolling gentleman." That and no more, unless as story-teller he can claim kinship with the free fraternity. The question is disputable; one fancies it was answered in the negative. It takes more than a ragged coat and dusty feet to make a vagabond. Yet, to go somewhere—to go forth—to go away! The wonder-horn still sounds. "I had a strange longing to see the Pyramids," Persia, too, and Arabia, "Oberon," under whose name Hawthorne screens his self-portrayal, writes in the "Journal of a Solitary Man."²¹ The craving, no longer for the free life but for another aspect of life, is here geographical, a question, so to say, of miles, yet it still reflects youth's eternal belief in the joy of the distant, the paradise of the far-off. And when Oberon sinks to his long sleep, his craving unfulfilled, we seem to see Hawthorne himself keeping watch in the death-chamber of his own youth.

Then, Oberon, or that part of Hawthorne's restless youth it pleased him to name Oberon, being dead, the author will content himself with what lies near at hand. He will tell stories of the village streets, and its denizens, and its passers-by. He will take his stand at the window,²² or saunter down the road with a child's childhood beside

²¹ Posthumously reprinted, vol. xii. Complete Works.

²² "Sunday at Home."

him, recalling the days when he too suffered that "strolling away" impulse,²³ or he will climb the steeple for a bird's-eye view of village-kind below,²⁴ or, flying "the sultry sunshine of the world," find his soul in solitude where beach birds sport "with their great playmate," the sea.²⁵ Or he will listen awhile to his inner self, as it turns story-teller, and repeat its whispered confidences, narratives half allegory, half morality, interspersed with little romances of prosaic lives—and who has ever touched them with so light a hand? Perhaps, from time to time, in his hero's fortunes he contemplates possible vicissitudes in his own. He sleeps with David Swan by the high road, while the chances of wealth, love, death, successively pass him by. He dreams that, with the Artist of the Beautiful, he has created a winged incarnation of his soul only that the ethereal loveliness may be crushed out of existence by the gross child of matter. Finally, abandoning the stories of "strange things that almost happen," he retells old legends of New England when New England was young. But the savage traditions of grim Pilgrim cruelties, the barbarities of English oppression and Quaker persecutions, lose somewhat of their brutality as he relates them. Facts are not softened, but he looks through the facts into the creeds beyond. The creeds are perverted, he allows, by some delirium of spiritual malady, but almost he makes us forget that if man is the victim he is also the responsible creator of his beliefs. Hawthorne himself is a man, one may say, of two hearts. One heart to condemn—for the sad-colored conscience of Puritan descent is his; one heart to absolve—and that was all his own. He owes who can say how much to that duality, coming home to our affections not as the

moral indifferentist of modern art, but in more complex guise, as one of human nature's most generous apologists.

In the "Mosses from an Old Manse" the prevalent mood is one of shadow. They were written at what may have been—we are told it was—the happiest period of his life, a period when poverty failed to banish joy. Their autobiographical introduction is full of Hawthorne's "confidences" made to his imagined audience of friends, who yet are warned from too near an approach. He would talk freely, intimately almost, with them, but the freedom must be untrammelled by that tactless over-familiarity which assumes knowledge not only of what we confess, but of what we withhold from confession, and claims entrance not only into the soul's ante-room, but into its sealed solitudes, its sanctuaries, its cemeteries. And at the moment when the reader might be led to assume that he and his host "had gone wandering hand in hand," Hawthorne dismisses the presumption with a smile: "Not so. So far as I am a man of really individual attributes I veil my face." With this proviso he invites his readers to be his guests in that "Old Manse" of many memories. The whole tone is one of friendly hospitality to a bidden visitant. The atmosphere is of a garden and woodland pastoral, of summer afternoons spent indolently by drowsy waters, with just the half-acknowledged foreboding—Hawthorne was forty-one—that autumn is at hand. "Time has now given us all his flowers, and the next work of his never idle fingers must be—to steal them away." But the stories have another atmosphere, and tell of sadder and more bitter moods. The appellation of pessimist has been bestowed upon their author by French criticism. He was not that—he was neutral. Mr. Woodberry gives the key to the gloom

²³ "Little Annie's Ramble."

²⁴ "Sights from a Steeple."

²⁵ "Footprints on the Seashore," reprinted in "Twice Told Tales."

over-clouding many of the "Mosses," a gloom which fell as a black pall of night in the joyless fatalism of "The Scarlet Letter." As Hawthorne aged he became, as author, immersed in spiritual preoccupations. "The moral world, the supremacy of the soul's 'interests, how life fared in the soul, was his region; he thought about nothing else." Again we would add as author. Was it the development of an old impulse diverted—unsatisfied—into a new channel? Was it that the wonder-horn was still echoing from the far-off, summoning the man of middle life not now to the high-road of common, material vagrancies, not to the Egypt, Persia, or Arabia of common travellers, but to the soul-roads where in strange guise the errant spirits of men wander in rain and dust and sun and frost? or to that world, more remote from Hawthorne's intellectual personality than any other, the world of a heart's passion?

However this may be, after the "Mosses from an Old Manse," he wrote "The Scarlet Letter." It was not Hawthorne's homeland—so much we know by his own showing—that he found when he created the central figure of the story, Hester Prynne. If his earlier work represents Hawthorne as one of the most eminent artists of English fiction, the "Scarlet Letter" does more; here we forget the artist in his work. It is nothing to us that to the super-acute sense of Mr. Henry James it is "admirably written"; it is nothing to us that in it symbolism degenerates from legitimate suggestion to enforced materialistic correspondences; that the "Scarlet Letter" becomes a monomania not to the wearer alone, but also to Hawthorne. Mr. Woodberry's criticism, keener, deeper, more human than Mr. James's subtler appreciations, makes one regret he has not given more. Yet again it is of no moment to us that, as he implies, the book has elements of falsity in its distortion of

the spiritual possibilities of old Puritanism—that "a book from which love and light are absent may hold us by its truth to what is dark, but in the highest sense it is a false book." It may be. But falsehood or truth are here alike at discount. It is a book which transcends its merits and overrides its defects. What holds us is not what should be, but what is. And it holds us, too, with a constant suspense of surprise. Arthur Dimmesdale is a study in affinity with Hawthorne's genius for moral speculation, dissection, and analysis. Living a life of falsehood, he ends a confessor of truth in the market-place, and dies a martyr to a creed of despair. This is a theme appropriate to the Hawthorne we know, but where had his genius struck upon Hester? From first to last Hester is a woman in a sense in which no other creation of Hawthorne's can claim womanhood. Mr. Woodberry finds Miriam the most human of the three heroines, Hester, Miriam, and Zenobia, commonly grouped together for criticism. Mr. Henry James sees in Zenobia Hawthorne's "nearest approach to the complete creation of a person." Is it possible that the lack each critic detects of reality in Hester is more felt from the standpoint of Hawthorne's fellow-countrymen than from a less western point of view? If Hester is unreal, she seems to us one of those unrealisms life itself imitates if it does not create, for nature is surely also an author of romance. Miriam, in the picturesque environments of Italy, as Zenobia in the homely setting of the Farm-Community, have both a tendency to suggest the stage-queens of tragedy. Never for a moment do they rouse that responsive emotion which is the reader's involuntary testimony to reality in fiction. Hester evokes it from her entry at the prison door, and in every scene where she appears. She is one of those few

women who move through life with the strong simplicity of a single and absolute passion. She has loved her lover, she has given herself to him, she has suffered to the utmost the penalty of her deed. Shall she not hold that fast for which she has paid the price? Under all semblances, sincere as her deeds are, of expiatory toil, of penance and sacrifice, she loves still, nor ever does the inmost heart of the woman relinquish its grasp of passion. Patience, heroic fortitude, strength, silence, dignity she displays, but beneath runs the fierce free undercurrent that breaks forth into hate, "be it sin or no," for the husband who, with open eyes of age wedding her ignorant girlhood, "had done me worse wrong than I to him"; that breaks forth again, strong by repression, in that one passion-scene, wrought in iron and ice, when once more the lovers stand face to face, and Hester learns "that seven years of outlaw and ignominy had been little other than a preparation for that hour." Again, one asks, where had Hawthorne lit on the intense vein of sympathy which enabled him to divine and portray that living passion of a living womanhood? He does not enlighten us. Had the artist in him kindled a brand which singed and scorched the serene neutralities of his imagination? If so he threw it aside.

His next fiction was "The House with the Seven Gables." It is the book of all his books the English reader would most easily have anticipated Hawthorne would write. Possibly we identify certain New England characteristics as characteristics of Hawthorne, and see in them an individual quality where his countrymen see what Mr. Henry James appreciatively names his provincial quality. But it comes to us, with its type of faint-colored New England girlhood, and its family group of the refined, impoverished, bloodless, descendants of early settlers, as a

wholly original miniature presentment of a little village drama, where each scene is so perfect in harmony of detail that we are quite oblivious of the want of form, the discursiveness of narrative, and the "lax unity" of the scheme. To Hawthorne it was the preferred child of his blood, and it stands alone in finish, lightness of touch, and in a delicacy which, for all its evasive shadings, has yet a peculiar clearness of outline. "The House of the Seven Gables" may be said to have restored Hawthorne to his native monochrome.

It is, however, in the last of his four completed romances, "Transformation," that Mr. Woodberry finds "the fullest and most intimate expression of his temperament, of the man he had 'come to be.'" "Hawthorne's personality pervades it like life in a sensitive hand." Some glamor of the South, the glamor which in old days drew painters of Northern lands to Italy, may tinge the critic's vision with an overglow of enthusiasm, and Mr. Henry James's far less encomiastic verdict (the two criticisms are worth collating) may be more just. But apart from the descriptive sections of the romance and from its popularity as a text-book for tourists—a popularity prejudicial to imaginative valuation—apart, too, from the overshadowing moral problem which "as an analytic study of the nature of evil . . . is his main theme," "Transformation" brings us nearer to the author of the "Twice Told Tales" and the "Old Manse" than any of his later works. Donatello exemplifies to the full Hawthorne's gift for a special form of invention—the semi-fantastic. No figure in all his fictions impresses the memory more vividly, although, strangely enough, he first conceived the character as a girl. One is tempted to wish that, disjoined from the heterogeneous material interwoven, the idea had been presented in the condensed form of Pater's analogous tragedy of

"Denys l'Auxerrois," child of the vine and the woodland, the echo personified of Nature's ivy-crowned god. In both stories a waif of the old Nature-world has wandered, a lost child, into the new world grown sombre with the sense of sin. Both Denys and Donatello have gentle kinship with the wild things of earth, over both a spiritual darkness grows; over Denys the madness and malady of strange riots, over the Faun the shadow of a crime. Denys dies, torn to pieces, hunted to his death by his sometime companions. For Donatello joy has departed for ever; the huntsman who rends his heart is remorse. Denys lives and dies in a mediæval fantasy. Donatello, suffering the doom of a soul, is a fragment of Pagan childhood which has drifted out of its home into the core of a Puritan romance. But in that conscience-burdened atmosphere, with all the dimness Hawthorne has added to it of brooding sadness, melancholy speculation and dusky fatality, in all the pictures he has drawn of love and hate and sin, the author still comes before us, not as one of those philosophers who see that all is vanity under the sun, but that all is pardon and pity. He called "Transformation" his "moonshiny romance." Possibly the absence of the solar glare lent itself to the moral attitude of the human apologist, and Hawthorne, who had smiled at so many illusions, still—in moonlight—retained his own.

With "Transformation" his figure, as author, passes out of sight. He returned to Concord and literary work. But energy, vitality, waned; it was ebb tide, and the "path that leads down the hill." War, too, a war to whose causes he was indifferent, filled the air with trouble and the fret of contending passions, while he sat planning abortive plots of fictions he never completed. "Septimius Felton," the most advanced

effort, full of fragmentary beauty, contains only a promise of what might have been. For when decline came it came rapidly, and the three sketches, "Septimius," "The Dolliver Romance," and "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret," based on the same theme—the pursuit of the elixir—remain skeletons of shifting conceptions.

In *Sleepy Hollow*—surely no place of the dead ever bore so appropriate a name—Thoreau already lay buried on the slope of the hill. In the May of 1864, Hawthorne was carried to his grave near by, under the pines he loved. Poor Margaret Fuller, many years earlier, had found her last abiding place—again the appropriateness strikes one—under the sea waves where she and her child had sunk unsuccored. But many of the old group remained to mourn at Hawthorne's burial—Emerson, who survived him eighteen years, with Hillard, Channing, Alcott, are all named in the closing scene Longfellow commemorated in a poem too familiar to quote, too beautiful to leave unnoted:

Now I look back, and meadow, manse
and stream,
Dimly my thought defines;
I only see—a dream within a dream—
The hill-top hearsed with pines.

There in seclusion and remote from
men
The wizard hand lies cold,
Which at its utmost speed let fall the
pen,
And left the tale untold.

Mr. Woodberry tells us at the conclusion of his biography that "many whose names have been frequent in this record now lie with him in that secluded spot, which is a place of long memory for our literature." May we not amend the sentence and say in grateful homage, "for all literature?"

BEAUJEU.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GALLANTRY OF M. DE BEAUJEU.

Mistress Charlbury was complimented on her art by M. de Beaujeu. "Ah, mademoiselle, but not even on the stage of Paris have I seen so poignant a figure as your 'Almahide,'" said Beaujeu. And that was merely true, for he had never been in Paris.

"You are pleased to be kind, monsieur," said Rose.

Beaujeu put up a deprecating hand: "But no, mademoiselle. I am only honest—and that is quite different."

"Why, monsieur, for myself I would hope to be both."

"Mademoiselle, without doubt you are capable of everything. But we others, we cannot be honest and kind at once. So to you, since kindness would be impertinence, I am honest."

"Indeed, you explain yourself with great care," said Rose. M. de Beaujeu looked at her sideways, saw nothing but gaiety in the bright golden eyes, and lay back in his chair.

"Pardon, mademoiselle. I talk of myself because I dare not talk of you."

"I would that all the town were polite as you," said Rose, and her eyes grew darker.

M. de Beaujeu stiffened himself with a martial air. "Do me the honor to remember, mademoiselle," says he, "if any rogue take your name in vain the sword of Beaujeu" (he slapped the hilt) "is sharp to maintain that you are Queen of Honor, of Loyalty, of Art!"

Rose laughed: "Why, monsieur, you have discovered all my virtues vastly quickly."

"Mademoiselle," said Beaujeu, watching the dimple tremble in her fair cheek, "they leap to the eye. I have never beheld their match."

Some tone of his voice, a gleam (mayhap) of the eyes, made her start and frown and look at him strangely. He recalled mysteriously the past, this M. de Beaujeu. But now he was bowing and smiling with a somewhat Gallic air, and—

"Ah, mademoiselle, but I envy you!" he cried.

"If I were a man I would never envy a woman," said Rose sharply. "And why me of all women?"

M. de Beaujeu was leaning forward in the shadow, for her gaze was steady upon him. M. de Beaujeu made a gesture with delicate white hand: "To be mistress of all the town!" he cried. The girl's cheek darkened at the dubious phrase. "Eh, one must envy," says monsieur easily.

"Can you understand, monsieur, that I hate the town?" said Rose coldly.

Beaujeu laughed: "I was sure of it, mademoiselle! These people of fashion, all busy with their intrigues and deceits, I knew they could not please you. One sighs for the air of the heath."

"The heath?" Rose cried, and leant forward, gazing.

"My moors of Auvergne," said Beaujeu. "They breathe to me yet. But alas! I am exile."

"I am sorry," said Rose, simply. Beaujeu bowed. "I come from a heath country, too, monsieur." She smiled at him. "Do you know the wind that blows over the moors after rain?"

Beaujeu's face hardened. "I remember," he said harshly.

Rose watched him, and her eyes grew dark and tender. "We shall breathe it again perhaps—at last—you and I."

Beaujeu flung back his head, the black curls of his wig fell away, his

face showed grim against the light, and the cold eyes glittered. "I shall never," said he. "Nor do I wish it—now." Rose had started. Rose gave a little gasp and caught at her heart. Her cheeks were white. Beaujeu's curls fell swiftly back to their place. "But what have you, then, mademoiselle?" says he, with an air of concern. "Alas, some pain? I will call your maid, then!" He rose.

"No—no—it is past," said Rose unsteadily. "Monsieur—you—you come from France?" Her eyes were dark and intent.

M. de Beaujeu in the shadow appeared amazed. "But yes, mademoiselle, from France. I am exile for my foolish faith," says he with a shrug.

"A good cause!"

"I am proud to win your praise." M. de Beaujeu stood with his back to the light that fell on her eager eyes. He was smiling. "One must always keep the faith, is it not so, mademoiselle?"

"Monsieur, you have the right to say it."

"That is my enduring consolation. . . . But, alas, mademoiselle, I have wearied you too long. I must pray your pardon and go. Forgive that I have troubled you with my life—mine, a friend of two months. And, also—but pardon the impertinence—your pain just past, consider it, for the sake of your health, invaluable to your friends."

Rose smiled, and gave him her hand. Beaujeu bowed over it as if he were to kiss it. His lips did not touch. Beaujeu departed, and Rose sat in her low chair with her hands clasped tight on her knee gazing wide-eyed at nothing, and her low white brow was furrowed.

Indeed he was wondrous like, this Frenchman. That grim face, those glittering eyes—it was Mr. Dane's self in his herolcal moments . . . Tom's

very self. . . . Ah, but it could not be he come back to her. He had gone to the French wars, hating her, scorning her, would come back to her never. Dead he was now, perhaps, dead unforgiving; or happy with another woman held in that strong arm. . . . So the incomparable Charlbury, torturing herself for the hundredth time.

Nay, if even he had come back, he'd not have met her so. Though he thought her traitress and scorned her, he would never come in disguise to cheat her—to make her his mock. Mr. Dane would never be so cruel: nay, he was too great of heart, too noble.

And in Chaping. Cross a noble gentleman, M. de Beaujeu, remarked to himself: "She was always a lady of an admirable fragrance," and walked to the Countess of Laleham's rout.

The case of the Earl and Countess of Laleham affords the only instance of Mr. Wharton's approval of matrimony. The gentleman was a Whig by three descents, the lady a Tory of pure blood; but neither he nor she was a fanatic in politics. Hence, as Mr. Wharton has written, theirs was the one house in town "where a good Whig might meet a pretty Tory without scandal to his reputation."

So, beneath my Lady Laleham's rose-pink tapestry, you may behold the robust beauty of my Lord Sherbourne, Mr. Russell's saturnine face, Mr. Wharton's ugly mouth whispering close to the spun gold of my Lady Churchill's curls, the Epicurean sneer of my Lord Halifax, the famed shell-pink cheeks, the serpentine grace of my Lady Sunderland. From the background, tall and stately in his old gold velvet, M. de Beaujeu studies human nature.

Towards him Mr. Wharton cocked a humorous eye, and on a chance coming whispered a word in the Earl of Laleham's ear. M. de Beaujeu was presented by the Earl of Laleham to

my Lady Sunderland. My Lady Sunderland looked at him sideways from the corners of her almond eyes.

"You know our English language, monsieur?" says she.

"Ah, madame—" M. de Beaujeu made a gesture expressing joyful ecstasy—"I have never before been so glad of it."

"La, monsieur,"—my lady made room for him beside her—"you have not forgot your native grace neither. Do you know my Lord Sherborne?" who was on her other hand.

Sherborne bowed stiffly. "I have that delight," says the amiable Beaujeu smiling.

"And so you have come on your travels to see us?" my lady asked.

"Madame, to see you I would travel round the world," cried Beaujeu. "But yes. On my travels—eh, my compelled travels. I have had little disagreements with my king. Ah, you live in a happier country, you English!"

"Faith, monsieur, there are Englishmen who have had little disagreements with their king," said my Lord Sherborne, "and the tipstiffs would be blithe to see them. Have you met any of the kind on your travels? We call them rogues, do you know?"

"You call them that, my lord? Ah, truly! I remember I met one who had hired assassins to kill a better man. He was very proud of himself this—rogue, my lord, you say?" My Lord Sherborne flushed. "Rogue," murmured Beaujeu pensively. "I will remember. Rogue."

My lord's cheeks were very dark, his eyes rolling: M. de Beaujeu was smiling at him: and my Lady Sunderland, though vastly enjoying the sight, considered it necessary to intervene: "Faith, Monsieur, I had hardly believed you French. You are so big," said she naively, to draw wrath from this cool Frenchman.

She did not succeed. "We are little;

is it not so, my lady?" said Beaujeu laughing. "You see in France it is treason to be taller than the king. He is five feet in his highest-heeled shoes."

"Ah, we English always admire a man who shames his own country," said Sherborne quietly.

"Always I have wondered why some my lords were admired," cried Beaujeu quick as a flash. "I could see no reason, I. My lord, you explain yourself. A thousand thanks."

My Lord Sherborne sprang up. "I'll receive them, monsieur, when you go!" he cried, and bowing to my lady, turned away to the sound of the gentle laughter of M. de Beaujeu.

"Faith, monsieur," says my lady, "you are mighty quick at making friends."

Beaujeu gave a shrug. "Ah, my lady, I can forgive him. He was alone talking to you."

At that my lady laughed outright. "Do you know, monsieur," says she, in another tone, "you make me think you want something of me."

"And I wish that I did for the pleasure of asking. But alas—no."

"La, you! And now you want no more to do with me. Faith, monsieur, you are French!"

"No, *mordieu!* For I would enjoy to have to do with you always, my lady, though I never did anything."

For an instant my lady looked at him frankly. "When I hear how you speak it," says she, "I wonder what you'd have said had you been born to speak English, Monsieur de Beaujeu,"

"Without doubt my tongue had been more bold," said Beaujeu.

"Preserve me from that!" cried my lady, laughing; and as my Lord Churchill came up M. de Beaujeu made his bow.

Beaujeu passed through the rooms, and was attracted by the harsh voice of Mr. Wharton. Mr. Wharton was describing to a circle of men M. de

Beaujeu's rapier play. "In a word, Tom, like your own—infernal!" cried the Marquess of Twyford. Wharton grinned at Beaujeu through the crowd. Among them was my Lord Sherborne. Beaujeu tapped him on the arm, and judged from the face that turned to him that my Lord Sherborne had been much wrought by the eloquence of Mr. Wharton.

"I was to give you my thanks, my lord," said Beaujeu sweetly, motioning towards the door. They went out together. "Eh, it is better. Let us take a walk, my lord," and my lord saying never a word cast his cloak about him, and the two passed out to the park and the cool night air. "Your acuteness, my lord, will see that I wish to complain——"

"I hear no complaints from any man."

M. de Beaujeu went blandly on. "I was disturbed in my country walk by the necessity to drive off your bullies. They spoiled the landscape, you see."

"My bullies, sir?"

"Since you know what I mean, to explain—that would weary. I am charitable, I. Also your bullies were about to spoil my dear friend, M. Jack Dane. You see? I wish not that he should be spoilt. You see clearly?"

"And I'll take your tone from no man alive. Do you see—do you see clearly?"

"*Enfin*—a so little affair we can settle quickly, you and I. I am ready always. But, my lord, but I am just, I. I confess that you have to complain yourself of my dear friend, M. Jack Dane. He is—do you say it?—in your way with your Mademoiselle Charlbury. *Bien*—punish him. I do say nothing to that. But kill him—no. Do you see, for that I will kill you. M. Wharton, he also will kill you. I think my friend Healy, he will kill you besides. But do you see, that you should drive him from Mademoiselle—

we like that. Do that and we will rejoice with you. A hip-hip-hurrah for you, do you say so? *Bien*. And now I have told you—now, my lord, if you will, I will meet you at the end of a sword—*hein?*"

My lord Sherborne stopped in his walk and stared at Beaujeu, who smiled at him politely through the gloom. "Wait," says my lord. "Do you tell me that you'll not back the boy against me with the Charlbury?"

"M. Jack Dane," said Beaujeu, "is my dear friend. And so I desire that the incomparable Charlbury should belong to some one else—some one for whom I do not care so much as this," he snapped his fingers: "by example—yourself, my lord."

"I'd have you know, monsieur," Sherborne cried, "Mistress Charlbury is a lady of honor."

"My lord, you will without doubt achieve her conversion. In that I covet for you success. Also, I do not wish that M. Dane should preserve her from you—or by marriage (oh yes, he is capable, that foolish boy), or by anything less mad." Sherborne stood before him peering at his face through the darkness. "Why?" said Beaujeu, with a laugh, since Sherborne appeared to ask. "*Corbleu*, I have told you. Because I have some affection for M. Jack—but for you and your incomparable Mademoiselle, my lord, none in the world. Ah, bah, but how you have been foolish. To attack him with swords in the open fields! A *bêtise*. He is killed? *Bien*, she weeps for her martyr—she hates his murderer. He triumphs? Then she beholds a hero who has conquered by his sole arm many. They like that, women. Also, he has fought for her. We love the lady we have fought for à merveille we men. In all cases, my lord, you ruin yourself. Now see what you should do. You discover a day, an hour, when the Incomparable has granted M. Jack

an audience to himself. On that hour you send to the Palace of your Incomparable your bullies. But not with swords (in fact, they do not know how to use them, your bullies)—with sticks, *corbleu*, with dog whips. *Bien*, they chastise him like a naughty boy. So to her M. Jack becomes ridiculous, and he, M. Jack, conceives himself betrayed by her, and will hate vastly your Incomparable. So—do that, my lord, and I give my word we have no quarrel for it, M. Wharton and I. *A propos*, I can tell you M. Jack has his little assignation with her on Friday at four afternoon. If it would apply, my lord, I would say *verbum sapienti*.”

Sherborne stared at his smile for a minute, then “What have you to make by this?” he growled.

Beaujeu yawned: “I tell you a thousand times. The cure of M. Jack Believe me, my lord, I desire for you and the Incomparable no worse than this—for each to possess the other. So I go to pray for your good fortune. I kiss your amorous hands.” With a laugh he turned on his heel and was lost in the gloom. An ability in vanishing distinguished him always.

My lord Sherborne stood still for a while. He found M. de Beaujeu a trifle confusing. But certainly there was something in what he said. . . . We spoke with understanding, this Beaujeu. . . .

And Beaujeu striding homeward much pleased with himself was entirely of that opinion.

CHAPTER XV.

“A WOMAN WHOSE NAME WAS DELILA.”

Over a posy of rosebuds the golden eyes of the incomparable Charlbury laughed at Mr. Jack Dane. It was Friday afternoon.

“You make,” says Mr. Dane gallantly, “all other roses ugly.”

“Oh, the brave compliment,” Rose

cried; “Now for that you shall be rewarded—with a cup of my lord Sherborne’s wonderful new tea.” Mr. Dane sat down and scowled. “Faith I owe you that,” says Rose generously, “He has had it brought all the way from the Indies, in a box of sandal wood, for me——” she paused and, with her head on one side, watched Mr. Dane glower at the floor. The dimples trembled in her cheeks and her eyes sparkled roguishly. “’Twas vastly delicate in him, was it not, Mr. Dane?” Mr. Dane grunted. “But do you know I doubt sandal-wood does not agree with tea?”

Mr. Dane laughed. “My lord has no taste.”

“Now that is a mighty poor compliment to me,” said Rose, pensively, and Mr. Dane must needs scowl again.

A while earlier on that bright afternoon Mr. Healy and M. de Beaujeu stood at the window of their house in Essex Street, looking out at the rising tide and the gay wherries skimming over its golden waves. Beaujeu glanced up at the sun and “Will you walk, Healy?” says he.

“You’re unrestful to a decent man,” said Healy, yawning; “Have with you!”

Beaujeu turned westward. Mr. Healy, professing that to smell it gave him a feeling of superiority, desired to cross the filth of Covent Garden. So they came out to the fields beyond St. Martin’s and the haycocks. “Do they not make you feel innocent, Beaujeu? Not even the breath of a haycock? Sure you’re far gone! But—hola!” He muttered the cry in his friend’s ear and pointed. Below them in the lane were some gentlemen gaudily clad. “’Tis two of our heroes in Holborn Fields,” said Healy, “and two that might be their brothers in sin.” Mr. Healy chuckled. “So two are still in their bandages praising my name.”

The four halted, and at once Healy

and Beaujeu fell, swift as mown grass, behind a haycock. The four gentlemen looked round, and the sunlight fell on unlovely faces. "You desire solitude, my dears?" muttered Healy, as the four searched the landscape. "'Tis a poetical taste but unsocial. Sure, Beaujeu, your cousin is a gentleman in much request." The four marched on up the lane, swiftly. Healy and Beaujeu arose dusting their clothes, and struck across the field with the long easy strides they affected when there was need to hurry. "Faith," says Mr. Healy, "you or I will have to put a sword through my lord Sherborne. 'Tis a harassing gentleman and would be the better of a decent hole in him." Then suddenly he sprang forward and broke into a run: "Dammé, Beaujeu, you'll have the lad under the turf. 'Tis the lady's house they've gone into, our four evangelists."

"And what of it?" said Beaujeu (running himself nevertheless). "I told you she was a lady of general charity."

"You have told me a deal more than I believe. If 'tis nothing, why 'do you run?"

They rose together to a fence. "To congratulate the Incomparable," said Beaujeu, "at the due time." Mr. Healy gave it up—and spared his breath for running.

And all the while Mr. Dane had been sitting at his ease under the apple green hangings of Miss Charlbury's sunny parlor. He held superciliously the tiny cup of French porcelain, and: "Does the tea please you, sir?" Mistress Charlbury asked, looking at him under her eyelashes.

"If 'twere poison," said Mr. Dane gallantly, "it would still please me—from that hand."

Her cheeks dimpled; she held up the dainty hand, rose-white in the sunshine: "La, the adored fingers!" she cried. "Why they are all your servants, Mr. Dane—"; and then as Mr.

Dane moved to kiss them—"oh, merely to give you of my lord Sherborne's tea," said she, and folded her hands in her lap and looked down at them demurely.

Mr. Dane flung back in his chair. "Egad, you are as teasing as Lyndaraxa," he growled. At the word she started and gazed at him. Now she was not demure: there was pain in the wide eyes and fear. Mr. Dane was amazed and sprang from his chair and came to her: "Why, Rose, why so pale?" he cried.

"Why did you say it?" she gasped.

"Lyndaraxa?" She nodded and he laughed. "Why, to tease you, sweet. Faith, if I had thought you so," with an air of vast politeness, "I had never said so. Now why did it whiten your cheeks?"

"Did it so indeed?" Rose laughed. "Oh—oh, I think I was startled—and indeed it was a sorry jest, Mr. Dane. It is so hot, too," for now her cheeks were red and burning; she moved to a chair in the shade. "I am always tired in summer in the town."

Mr. Dane smiled down at her. "You are a country lass at heart," said he; then suddenly fell on one knee by her side and caught the adored hand: "Rose, if you hate it, why will you stay in the town?" he whispered amorously. "It needs not, dear, not another day. I am here but because you stay——"

"'Tis obliging in you," said Rose laughing, and trying to withdraw her hand. "Nay, Mr. Dane, nay indeed——"; but the torrent of romantic love swept on—

"Dear heart, let us go together, you and I. We've tasted the pleasures of the town, and bitter they are at last. Come away to the downs with me. I've a home for you that you'll love, and you——"

"La, Mr. Dane, I have heard it all on the stage. Nay; rise, for your own

sake, rise. We are both ludicrous so."

Mr. Dane sprang up flushed: "Ludicrous, ma'am!"

"Indeed, I have no wish to wound you, but if you could see that what you talk of is folly, you would be happier."

"Folly, ma'am! And why?"

Rose played with her flowers a moment, then looked up and met his eyes frankly: "Since you ask, Mr. Dane—because neither you love me nor I you." Jack stared at her and at last laughed.

"Are my deeds and my words all a lie then? Oh, ay! 'Tis convenient to tell me so. My lord Sherborne is vastly a nobler swain than I. Pray heaven, ma'am, that he means you as honestly as I."

Rose drew herself up: "For that word, Mr. Dane, I'll leave you to blame yourself," she said very quietly.

"Nay, not I, ma'am," cried Jack. Rose turned away from him and rang the bell.

It was not answered at once. In the hall was the sound of a scuffle and a woman's scream, then the four heroes of the lane broke into the room together, and "Bottle the prigster, now, boys!" cried the leader, and with lifted cudgels they rushed at Jack. Rose caught at the mantel and stared amazed and dumb, but without in the hall two maids screamed efficiently.

Jack sprang back and snatched up a sturdy chair. With a full-armed rattling blow of it he swept the cudgels clear of him and sprang away safe to the open window. Then he hurled his chair in the heroes' faces and leapt down to the garden, drawing his sword as he went. By the yew hedge he turned, breathing hard through his nostrils, bright-eyed, white of face. They were upon him and trying dangerously the temper of his rapier with their oak, when "Tally ho!" cried the joyful voice of Mr. Healy, and the impressive forms of himself and Beaujeu

rose majestic in the air as they leapt the fence above the lane.

But the voice, the aspect, recalled to the heroes joyless memories. "Oh, curse me," gasped one, and the four turned and fled four different ways.

Beaujeu and Mr. Healy flung back their shoulders and checked thudding in the lane. "Sure, they are mighty shy," says Mr. Healy panting. Jack Dane, looking after the fugitives, laughed a bitter laugh (so laughs your hero, triumphant over his foes, yet in his tenderest affections wounded sore) and slammed home his sword.

Rose came to the open window white as death, her hand pressed to her heart. "Jack?" she murmured fearfully.

Jack laughed again. Jack made her a splendid bow. "Della," says he, "good-night!" and turned on his heel and went out of the garden. He came full face upon Healy and Beaujeu. "Gentlemen," says he with another bow in the grand style, "I am your debtor again. It is for the last time."

"See if he is hurt, Healy," says Beaujeu carelessly, passing on to the garden.

"Zounds, monsieur, you had best go warily there!" cried Jack with a laugh. Beaujeu made him no answer, but Mr. Healy, who was regarding Jack with no affection, took him by the arm:

"Now will you be decently quiet?" says he. "In your ecstasies, my friend, you have forgot your hat. Will you get it? You are a thought picturesque without it."

"I do not pass that door again, Mr. Healy," cried Jack.

"Faith, 'tis cruel to the door. What has come to you now?"

"Why, M. de Beaujeu was right when he warned me against that——"

"Stop!" cries Mr. Healy. "'Tis mighty ill taste to curse what you've tried to kiss, my friend."

"Begad, then, I'll call her the Incomparable. And so she is and mon-

sieur was right to say she would play me false." Mr. Healy looked at him curiously. "I was a fool—a fool!" says the hero in bitter scorn. "She'd feign to care for me and I believed her, and there in her room she made a mock of me—till my lady was tired and rang the bell for her master's bullies to come and thrash me."

"Humph!" said Mr. Healy, and looked him between the eyes. "Now, did I hear you call her something?"

Jack Dane laughed. His wit was a brilliant memory. "Why yes, 'Delila, good-night,' said I, and damme, 'twas a fit farewell."

"Delila? Did you say so? Sure then you are Samson himself. Mr. Samson, good-night," said Mr. Healy, sharply, and turned on his heel.

Jack Dane looked after him, puzzled. Then, being in no temper for riddles, strode off to home and Mr. Wharton.

The Monthly Review.

(To be continued.)

H. C. Bailey.

A NEW TALE OF TWO CITIES.

Something has happened. It is perhaps too early to gauge the full extent and force of the new position, but it is the proper time to note that just as it is being, or has been, discovered that the future centres of man's social and cultured life lie in the cities, the governing authorities of two great cities, and those two cities no other than London and Paris, have been exchanging visits, and have produced therefrom a sort of inter-municipal conception of things which has hitherto not found a place among the dominant forces of modern civilization. It is not too much to say that the juxtaposition of theory and practice thus brought about is a remarkable fact which cannot be ignored. Communities of men are governed, as individuals are governed, by all sorts of influences which, working silently and unseen, produce results which are observable for the most part only when they have passed into history and have been subjected to the analysis of scientific inquiry. But the obvious significance of the present position is not a matter of history; it is part of the work of the present day. And the two cities have now a tale to tell, which it is worth while attending

to, even while it is new. It is not mere accident that this psychological moment stands revealed so plainly. It is not mere accident that men engaged in the practical affairs of life find themselves for the moment standing aside, and discovering for themselves that at the back of municipal interchange of thought lies a whole realm of usefulness which has hitherto not been opened up to modern municipal ideas. It was partly recognized by the ancient Greek and Roman municipalities; it was faintly recognized by mediæval cities and towns. But if it becomes a concept of the modern system of governance, it is destined to assume far larger proportions than was possible to the older municipalities. At the most, the older idea of municipal inter-relationship was strictly limited. The leagues of the Greek cities were limited not only in geography, but in duration. The affiliation of the daughter cities of ancient Rome was marred by the aggrandizing policy of the mother city. The confederacy of the burghs of Scotland, the five Danish burghs of England, and the mediæval league of the Cinque Ports are but partial exemplifications of the same tendency. London

and Paris, however, have together begun a new phase. They have discovered in the idiosyncrasies of each other food for reflection and study, while in the common ground occupied by both cities they have found an extension of municipal possibilities, whose area and rate of development are scarcely measurable—in a word, they have discovered that municipal problems have to do with people's needs and rights, with some of the most important phases of modern civilization, and that these may, nay must, be considered apart from the boundaries of nations, and apart from the conflict of national interests. Such a discovery does not rest even at this important stage, for it is obvious that the breakdown of international ignorance and jealousy must follow the establishment of inter-municipal aims and successes, and that in this way the surest path to the peace of civilized humanity has been laid down.

One cannot, of course, say what were the precise events or moments during the ceremonies which took place in either city which best represent this new idea. In London, we think it must have been present when the King met the municipal representatives of his own great capital city and their guests, the municipal representatives of Paris, on the occasion of the opening of Aldwych and Kingsway. King and people on common ground celebrating the completion of a great municipal undertaking, opening out new methods of dealing with the problem of replanning London to meet modern requirements—the occasion was a great one, and both king and people recognized it as such. And it must have flashed across the minds of the municipal administrators taking part in this ceremony that they were not only bidding farewell to much that had become obsolete in our methods, but welcoming something which was new. They probably did not formulate their thoughts. But they were

brought sharp up against a wholly different experience which must have produced, by the very clash of events, the first recognition of the new state of things. For in direct contrast to the ceremonial function at Aldwych, revealing splendor and wealth, was that other memorable function, the drive to the East End of London, where those who governed London were bent upon showing their visitors some of the grim realities of life which it is their mission to ameliorate on behalf of the helpless and the unfortunate. They showed them, however, much more than this; for on that occasion was realized the inner gentleness of the Englishman's character, when, without word or order, thousands of workpeople and thousands of young children substituted for the English hurrah of welcome and its accompanying noise and clamor the most impressive silence born of respect, and accompanied by the lifting of hats and the making of a simple bow of welcome to the Paris guests, because it had come to be understood that Frenchmen always adopted these forms of politeness to each other, and would understand them better than the English methods. There was no more impressive spectacle than this in all London, and the representatives of London must have been proud of this sparkle of touching sympathy on the part of the people who sent them to administer affairs. Such a sight must have told them of the things that are to be expected of municipal government with greater force than almost anything that could have been devised for the purpose. It was no doubt born of the schools, but its life lasted beyond school-time, and showed itself just at the moment when it was needed.

There was greatness in both these events. London in gala dress and happiness, and London in workday routine and costume, surely affords a sight worth seeing. For it was London

which was then being revealed to her guests—London, the great city, one and indivisible, not the separated parts which have been used to tear the heart out of the greatness of which London is capable. Perhaps at no other time has London so revealed herself. It is certain that since that time London has become conscious of what it owes to itself; of what the whole of it can do for every part of it, if only it will act as a whole. We fancy that the Londoner now stands revealed to himself as a unit in a great community, instead of a mere wanderer in familiar streets or a casual dweller in the midst of thousands. It is a great work to have accomplished if this result has indeed occurred, and the London County Council of 1905-6, having been the chief agent in the work, will appear in the history of municipal development as one of the greatest administrative bodies of the period.

London has stood on one side for so long a time. Its natural growth to one of the greatest communities the world has ever seen has never been recognized, and it was only the lucky accidents of political partisanship that first gave it the chance of consolidation, and then later on preserved it from the graver peril of destruction. That danger is now past and gone. It is, and must ever be, the greatest representative force in the country after Parliament, and it is not inclined to stand aside longer, allowing its natural growth to be stunted by lack of power. It understands, or is beginning to understand, its needs too strongly for this to be. The proud significance of the ancient city area as the home of London commerce is contrasted with the silent trend of dock and port further down the river, and the inadequacy of narrow and confined streets to meet the requirements of the commercial community. The spread of industrial London into the more extended area of the

county, if not beyond that area also, is noted as the great cause for wider and more completely equipped roadways, radiating from the centre to all parts. The tendency of residential London to find its way back again towards the older centres, accompanied by the relief which railways and motor-cars afford for supplemental cottage homes, is hailed as a change in London life which brings in its train new requirements. The varied beauty of its streets, at once a museum of vast accumulations of shop-displayed wealth in art and practical objects and the gathering-ground of streams of human beings, more eloquent of attraction to the thoughtful than all other phases of nature, is brought sharp up against the hideous stupidities which have been allowed to destroy so many new regions of undeveloped beauty. The newly developed taste in street architecture is recognized as one of the expressions due to the invigorated consciousness of London that it has not only a history, but a future. The gradual but sure development of traffic communications is demanded as a necessity of the times which is not only going to allow of the natural development of its business and industrial activities, but is going to teach Londoners that the isolation of parts is not the way of city life, and need no longer be the way of London life. And, above all, the concentration of education, first by the establishment on broad and capable lines of the university; and, secondly, by the municipalization of secondary, technical, and elementary education, is revealing to the future generations of citizens new hopes and thoughts having for their centre-point the sense of patriotism within the great city.

These are but a few of the touchstones of events which have cropped up now that there is once again the chance of telling a tale of two cities. Bright and hopeful as they appear, it

must not be forgotten that they cover a multitude of other matters not bright and hopeful in the least, matters which point to the degradation of our city instead of to its uplifting. Our French guests would have been shocked at many a sight they could have visited by a short walk from the centre gathering-ground at Charing Cross or from the homes of their hosts in all parts of London. If we can boast of improvement and hope, we must also in fairness state the desperate need there is for strong measures in many directions where the health and well-being of Londoners are concerned.

London is, in fact, the city of great needs. Its tale is one of stupendous requirements, not of satisfied desires. It looks out into the future, and pauses with halting hopes when it realizes what that future needs. On the banks of its noble river; on the pavements of its crowded thoroughfares; in the homes of its working population; in the breathing-spaces which have been preserved in odd corners of its territory; in its many underground structures for drainage, for conveyance, for water supply, and for means of telegraphic communication; in its centres of historic associations—everywhere the absence of the master mind of organization is painfully apparent, and London pauses in its hopes to ask what is to take place if all its present needs are to be dealt with as its past needs have been. Royal Commissions and Select Committees have made recommendations over and over again, and they remain recommendations still. A dreary catalogue they make. If it is true that London is really awake to its present great position, and that London's representative authority, the County Council, has brought this about, it surely should not be long before these two great psychological facts should produce the man of the moment. In the history of democratic govern-

ment, the early movement of all great communities has depended upon the master mind of the moment, assisted and checked by the controlling influences of the communal demands; and some of the men who have stood by London for all these years, and who witnessed and understood the inner significance of receiving the representatives of her sister city of Paris, must have felt the warm glow of ambition to move forward towards the completion of the work so nobly begun. And perhaps from among these men there is going to emerge the great one who shall in the near future grapple with the immense problem that remains unsolved.

An altogether different tale was for Paris to tell when she in turn received her London visitors. Paris testifies to her unity in stone, and perhaps nothing strikes the Londoner with greater force than the fact that the magnificent Hôtel de Ville is the proper home wherein to receive municipal visitors, and that the municipality itself welcomes its visitors and acts as host. Paris does, as an ordinary and proper act, what London does not dare to think of doing. One other feature, not so pleasing, perhaps, but of significant importance, is that Paris is a fortified and walled city, separated from the country by wall, moat, and fortification, approaching the country through military gates and ways. In these two matters Paris differentiates herself from London. It is possible, perhaps, that the first difference may be got rid of by London approaching to the Paris ideal; but, fortunately for London, her line of fortifications is the stately group of battleships which ride the English seas. The Paris walls, however, have this result. They formulate the unity of the city. One never hears of the parts of Paris having a separate existence from the whole. Although parts have a separate organization, not

wholly unlike London, they play a different rôle in the government and aspirations of the city.

It was all Paris that welcomed London, and it was not a new episode in her history thus to stand out as the corporate unity representing the whole body of inhabitants. There were, too, no special dramatic incidents to mark the event. Everything was on ordinary municipal lines. But these lines led everywhere. They led the visitors to the Elysée, to the Opera House, to the municipal theatres, to the schools, to the art galleries, to the municipal workshops, to the markets, to the homes of the poor, and the provision for the unfortunate and hopeless. It was all one organization. And Londoners felt, perhaps, most thoroughly how far behind their own city was in this respect when a girl-scholar stepped out of the ranks and spoke in good English the simple words of welcome and acclaim. "We know," she said, "that the London County Council has charge of the education of our sisters in London." There was great significance in this. The fact of knowing was the real point. It was a matter of pride that this amount of knowledge of the London system of government was possessed by the Paris children. And that it should be so is not surprising, for the entanglement and difficulties in the way of rightly understanding how London is governed, belong to most Englishmen, and must, therefore, be still more puzzling to foreigners. But this had clearly been learned—that education in London, as in Paris, was a municipal duty, and the children of Paris could welcome the municipal representatives of London as those who were responsible for educating their London sisters.

If this be a dramatic episode from the Paris side it is entirely within the ordinary municipal sphere, and apparently appealed as such to the Lon-

don representatives. All else was one long admiration for the largeness of view which Paris has of itself. Bridges over the Seine, broad avenues, old buildings dealt with in the public good, everything done on the broadest lines, as if Paris knew itself to be too great for pettiness. This is the feature that strikes one in contrast to London, and councillors must have come home with a sense of the increased problems which are before them to deal adequately with the needs of London.

The history of the two cities in modern days has diverged strongly. London, like Paris, took its share in the great revolutionary upheaval which shook the nation, but, unlike Paris, it has never taken upon itself to dominate the destinies of an entire people. Both Paris and London descend from Roman cities, and in early years there was much in the doings of the two cities which showed that they inherited the city ideal from their great Latin mother. It is interesting to note that the modern Palais de Justice at Paris occupies the site of the residence of the governor of the Roman province, the London parallel to which is Leadenhall Market, which has ever been municipal property and occupies the site of the forum of Roman London. These common factors are at the beginning of things, and it would be equally interesting to trace out where the two cities began to diverge; for while the dominating force of Paris at the end of the eighteenth century seems to have been derived from this ancient origin, it is certain that London had developed along other lines. It was political, but not as Paris was political. It has now lost or given up this side of its municipal life, as Paris has lost it. And the two cities seem to have come upon a period in their long and eventful history when once again they have common ground of action and common lines of development, both founded on the

needs of the people, for the organization and dealing with which they are entrusted by the national Government. That this is, indeed, the future of municipal government everywhere may well be conceded even by the most sceptical, and that London and Paris will meet this future adequately may well be the hope of every one who believes in the happy destiny of modern civilization.

It is not possible to predict the future even with so long a past to guide us. In the first place the people are so different. Gay and careless as the Parisian is, he stamps these characteristics upon his city. All the outside life of Paris is a contribution to the public character of the city, but it is also a subtraction from the home life. The public life of Paris is lived by all classes from the richest to the poorest, and that causes the public institutions to be not only more numerous, but more representative. In London, on the contrary, the public life is lived only by the poor, and it is not a subtraction from, but an inadequate substitution for, the home life which is lived by those who can afford to possess it. Thus in this great feature there is a whole world of difference. The people of Paris care for their public buildings simply because they form a necessary part of their daily lives. The people of London tolerate them because it is only a small part, and then, too, by a very free choice, of their lives. There are practically no clubs in Paris, while in London they abound, forming the concealed and limited public life which Londoners allow themselves to lead. In Paris one always feels that one sees and knows the place through and through. In London there are always the drawn blinds and the shutters behind which one may not penetrate, and which give to the city an air of desolation and perhaps mystery which, though possessing a charm of its

own, is not pleasing to any but the most contemplative of minds. See how furiously quick the Londoner is to get away from the theatre night after night; the long stream of hurrying carriages and cabs which follow on the closing of the places of amusement are quick with the throbbing desire to get home away from the glare of light, away from the hum of public life. Driver and horse seem to share the quickened feeling, and there is perhaps no better means of knowing what London really is than to watch and study this phenomenon of the night. It does not occur in Paris. After the theatre comes the supper or other form of enjoyment; and if this does not happen, the movement towards home is altogether a different aspect from what it is in London. It is more collective. Groups of people, rather than individuals or separated families, travel back, and the whole aspect of the occasion is quite different.

It is not all a matter of climate that makes the Londoner happier behind closed shutters. Walking through the quieter parts of Paris there are pleasant sights to see which no one in London could realize. Shopkeeper and wife will place their chairs on the pavement outside their shop and there partake of their evening meal. House-owners will throw open their windows so that all passers-by may witness, if they will, what is going on; and simple and effective it all is. It is the living of a simple life in a fashion that needs no hushing-up and hiding from the world. Climate helps this, but it did not originate it; and it is not all climate which denies to the Londoner the same freedom of action.

Perhaps, therefore, the future of the two cities may still be widely divergent, but we fancy that London will be the slower to move towards any ideal. It is difficult to bring home to a people who do not love a public life

that public affairs are necessary even to home life, and for public affairs to be conducted well and hopefully, public effort must be made. And this difficulty lies at the root not only of all that has stopped the progress of London in the past, but of most of the opposing forces which threaten in the future. Paris is better off in this respect. She has troubles of a different kind, but not of this kind. Troubles economic and financial are great with Paris as they are with London, but they do not penetrate so deeply down to the root of things, and they may be removed by clever administration. There is no removing the bedrock objection to the development of London towards public life except by the hard process of *force majeure*, when the poorer classes and those who plead their cause are called upon to vote for public needs as if they were the needs of a class instead of the needs of a whole city. There is trouble ahead in this direction, and it does not do to minimize it or to pretend that it does not exist. The way to eradicate class legislation is to do whole-heartedly for the community what the community must have for the development of any portion of its varied life, and to understand that the stagnation or backwardness of a part is to produce stagnation and backwardness in the whole.

Mention has been made of the gay and careless nature of the Parisian. Has any one except a true-born Londoner ever observed the humor and fun which lie in great masses among the people of London? Mr. W. W. Jacobs in modern days has depicted some of this in special particulars. Dickens, above all writers, most faithfully portrayed many phases of it. Thackeray has dealt with it in a manner not likely to be repeated. But all three authors do not collectively make up the mass of London humor. It is everywhere. It peeps out with drivers of public vehicles who

use their horses as friends from whom to draw inspiration for their sallies of humor, and one wonders what will become of all this when the horseless vehicle is the universal mode of vehicular traction. Surely the man who turns a handle is not the same as the man who holds the reins, and cannot get out of electricity and petroleum what has been got out of the pulsations of horses. It comes to us from the railway porters and servants who keep at bay the troublesome multitude by deftly turning into broad farce events which begin seriously. It comes, too, from hotel and restaurant waiters, who see enough of the grim humors of life to become an almost endless source of inspiration. But it is also apparent on the surface. Butcher-boy and baker-boy and shop-boy are full of it. They carry their goods along in happy ignorance of the sport they give to those who can note the humorous in life. And the costermonger and itinerant dealer, to be met with almost everywhere, are special products of London who cannot fail to attract. One does not quite meet the counterparts of these people in Paris. Those who take their place there are not so distinctive, and partake more of the characteristics of the average Parisian. They send out, therefore, to the observer only what the average Parisian sends out, and do not stand apart as types of what the city can do in the way of carrying on the humors of the time. Some day, perhaps, there will arise a greater humorist in London, who will penetrate what London produces in this respect; and when this shall happen London will appear a happier and more genial place than is commonly supposed.

There is a somewhat deeper note of reflection on this point, if we care to go into it. The cleavages among the different groups of London inhabitants are apparent on the surface. They are almost non-existent in Paris. Is it,

then, that the two cities have reached different standards in this respect; that Paris has heightened the general level to the stage of gaiety and carelessness while London has only succeeded in moving in groups of sharply defined masses? And which of the two results is the better? Perhaps the Paris result may be the dead level of crushed-out lives effervescing into heedlessness, and perhaps the London result may be the formation of a new social grouping which is going to have its effect upon national as well as city life. It is hard to determine yet which is the correct diagnosis, or if it is correct in both cases, and still harder to determine whether the differing results are going to lead to different kinds of success or failure. In either case contrasts such as these help us to realize something of what comparative sociology means when applied to two great cities.

Perhaps in these rough jottings of points of comparison between the two great cities of the Western world there may be found food for sterner reflection than may appear on the surface; perhaps they may turn out to be the

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notes for a commencing chapter of a new era in history. There is certainly enough material for the deepest thought; for the struggle of life is now in the city communities. There is a great cry gone forth, "Back to the land!" But those who raise it do not get to the cause of the mischief, if mischief it be. It is not an economical cause. It is intellectual. The science and culture of the day are at last penetrating through to the country, and the peasant is yearning to be up and doing. He is sick to death of the inanities which reach him from those who dole out scraps of knowledge sandwiched in between lectures or sermons on subjects which no longer serve as intellectual delights. He claims his right to get to the cities and hear and know what the world is doing now that it is alive in every direction. And this claim lies at the root of all that makes the great cities of the present. It has built up London and Paris, and London, Paris, and all their compeers must see to it that they deal with this claim in a fashion which fully meets the case.

Laurence Gomme.

AN EXPERIMENT IN FAIRY TALE.

"The Boy wants to hear from others the Interpretation of all this; to have the Voice of these speechless Objects made audible; he desires to hear in Words that inner living Connexion of all Things which he dimly feels. But other People are but rarely able to gratify the Boy's Wishes; and so there unfolds in him a Longing for Stories of human Life and Fairy Tale. . . . Sometimes we find Children inventing Fairy Tales for themselves. . . . And such self-made Stories plainly tell an Observer what is working in the Mind of the young Narrator, though he knows it not.

Die Erziehung der Menschheit.

In every natural child there is implanted an innate fancifulness. The love of faery is an instinct which is universal with little people of all grades, present in all ages, and in all races. Given suitable environment and stimulus, the imaginative faculties are as strong in the children of the people as in those of the more cultured classes. That the bulk of our population is unimaginative is no proof that it possesses no imagination; it may show, however, that the powers of fancy have in the majority of cases become stultified through want of use,

or from the absence of proper development.

Speaking generally, the boys and girls of our elementary schools who have arrived at the leaving-age are by no means of imaginative temperaments. Yet in earlier years their fancy has been as fervid as that of other unsophisticated children.

The story which is here set forth is the product of a class of little boys of the average age of ten years who are attending one of the rural elementary schools. From the nature of the experiment the story, judged from a literary standpoint, is necessarily crude, yet the flights of imagination it contains, and above all, its achievements in the way of youthful imagery, render it both interesting and instructive. At any rate it should show that the natural fancifulness of the young is as strong and vivid in the lower as in the higher strata of our social conglomeration.

The children were intensely interested in the experiment—the story was constructed sentence by sentence under the oral editing of the teacher—and they were especially anxious to get their individual contributions duly entered in the body of the story. It was hypothesized at the outset that the impossible could always happen,—the unexpected did so constantly: people were to be able to fly, dive, burrow and become invisible; new creatures could appear when necessary, and in short there were to be no limitations as to matter or action.

There is some irrelevant material in the beginning of the story. This was because the children were led to develop the plot as they went along, and were thus given a free hand. The fairy-tale is quoted exactly as evolved, the only change which has been made is to paragraph it. It should be mentioned that the experiment was attempted after a short course of Grimm's Tales, which was possibly a

disadvantage. For the story is a little conventional, probably from the assimilation of the lore of the Brothers Grimm; but most of the ideas, and certainly the whole of the setting, originated in the fancy of the children. In spite of the fact that the story was constructed in pieces (half-an-hour per week only being devoted to the work), the sequence of ideas is continuous: the youngsters bore in mind the previous parts from week to week until its completion.

Not the least interesting portion of the experiment was the choosing of the *dramatis personæ*. It was decided to include in the cast a boy, a girl, and some supplementary characters. Of course a fairy was indispensable; there was to be the inevitable wood; and the young people voted solidly for a witch. So the witch was introduced.

After the characters, their names became the next consideration, and after much tergiversation those which appear in the text were decided upon. The witch's name, Catkin, was the especial favorite. The good influence was Fairy Dewdrop, and this appropriate name probably suggested the effective little wind-up of the story: but why "Olive" for the heroine should have appealed to the juvenile mind as it so obviously did, it is difficult to guess. The children were unanimous about one point, which was, that the girl's name should be either that of a flower or a plant.

The story had no title, and began:

"Peterkin was a very naughty boy. He was rude to those older than himself; and Peterkin lived very happily in his hut by the lake. For he was an orphan and lived by wood-cutting. The boy used to listen to the birds chattering in the trees at sunset, and he was soon able to understand them."

The combination of naughtiness, rudeness, and happiness is decidedly boyish. The opening suggests an in-

ference too, that to be an orphan is to be happy, at all events if the person be fortunate enough to have to earn a livelihood.

"One day as he was listening to the birds, Peterkin heard them say that Fairy Dewdrop was coming to live in the forest. It was a good thing for Peterkin, but he did not know it then.

"A week after this he heard a great noise coming through the forest. He tried to run away, and the noise became louder. Looking back he saw a large number of wild horses coming towards him, and he saw on a little white pony a woman dressed in black. By her ran two dragons spitting fire and making the dreadful noises he had heard. The woman's face was ugly and brown, with a long hooked nose and pointed chin; because she was Witch Catkin. As she came towards him he tried to run away, but the dragons were too fast for him. He dodged behind a tree, and as he did so his feet caught in something soft. Looking down he saw a curious leather jerkin, and scarcely knowing what he did, he slipped it on.

"Immediately a great change took place in him. He felt that he was shrinking fast; the flies round him became as large as horses; the dragons who stood looking for him looked like two burning mountains. He knew that he could not be larger than a pin's head."

The outlines of some kind of plot were now foreshadowed, and a pause was made at this point to adjust what was to be included in the tale. There was a tendency to introduce Olive too early in the narrative, but the natural dramatic instinct on the part of some of the brighter children prevailed.

It will be noticed how the juvenile mind delights in contrast. The black witch was mounted on a white pony, the dragons spat fire and roared in the quiet wood. The change in Peterkin

is tellingly direct; swiftness of action appeals to young minds. But what was particularly remarkable was the facile manner in which the mental vision was accommodated to the change in relative sizes. This ready accommodation is especially clear in the resumption of the story.

"Peterkin felt very frightened and found it hard work to push his way through the grass stems which appeared to him as large as palm-trees. When he reached the bark of the tree, Peterkin found a little crack opening into the bark. He climbed inside this tiny opening and found that a very, very small staircase led inwards towards the heart of the tree. As he went on, everything became dark and he had to feel his way with his hands. He thought he would very soon be at the heart of the tree. He walked on and on for about six hours. He could not get along if he did not feel, and he thought he was never going to leave off walking.

"When he got farther into the middle of the tree, he heard little tiny voices which sounded to him like the faint twitter of a butterfly as he settles on a flower."

For such a young boy as the one who produced it, this last is a decidedly remarkable piece of imagery. Not only had he thought down to the tiny noise of the elves, but he had evolved an idea which, abstract in itself, yet gives a mental concept of actual sound. He had constructed for himself the paradox of an inaudible noise.

When this portion of the story was being constructed, the boy who had been much in evidence previously happened to be absent. In consequence of this the line of thought was more original. I suspect that this child, having more cultured parents than the others, had been told many fairy-tales, and his imagination was sophisticated to some degree.

The point concerning the tiny voices raised an interesting discussion. It was necessary to describe them as extremely minute sounds. The first suggested description was, "They sounded like the twittering of birds"; then the noise said to be "like a mouse squeaking," and "like the scratching of your pen on the paper when you write." But when the quaint bit of childish imagery "Like the faint twitter of a butterfly as he settles on a flower," was given, it was unanimously adopted. The author of this conception is a little red-haired boy from Cardiff; possibly his richer imagination is the natural heritage of the fanciful Welsh.

"He (Peterkin) could just make out what they said. There was a lighted room before him, and he hid behind a curtain. He looked into the little room, and it was lit up with pretty lights which looked smaller than the smallest stars. Around a little golden table in the middle of the room sat five little men about the size of Peterkin, and they were chatting together and enjoying themselves merrily. And one said to a little man in his shirt sleeves, 'Where did you leave your jacket, Tom?'

"I don't quite know, but I think that I left it outside in the big world.'

"When Peterkin heard this he was so frightened that he ran under the table. But the little men were too quick for him."

(This last is essentially a boy's phrase, and a boy's idea: it was continually recurring.)

"And they caught him and said, 'What are you doing here? Where did you get that coat?'

"The dwarf said, 'That is my coat. We shall lock you up, and beat you with a big stick.' They started to do so at once. At this Peterkin was very much frightened. They did not want him to go away, and they bound him with ropes as fine as a spider's web,

so that he could not get away. Then they put him into a tiny prison cell and unbound him.

"When the door was shut Peterkin looked round and saw, sitting in a corner of the cell, a beautiful little girl. She said her name was Olive. Great tears as large as the pollen of a flower rolled down her rosy cheeks. Then Peterkin said, 'I want to get out.' The little girl said, 'You can't get out. Where did you come from?'

"Presently as they were chattering they heard little footsteps coming, and they wondered what it could be. The door suddenly opened and the little man came in and said, 'What were you talking about?' And they said, 'We were wishing we could get out; but we can't get out.'"

Dialogue evidently presents difficulties to children, but the unevenness of the foregoing is probably due to its being the production of several boys. In the sentence, "The door suddenly opened," they insisted on "suddenly" being used. Children require action, and quick spontaneous happenings appeal most strongly to them.

"The little man chased them round the room until he caught them. As he caught them he dropped his stick, which Olive snatched up, and hit him over the head with. Peterkin said, 'We must look about and get out now.' In reply Olive said, 'Look at that little creak in the wall; if we take the stick we can break the creak open.' And this they did, and to their astonishment they found like a little canal of sap going upwards. They climbed into this and thought if they were not very careful they would be drowned. So they built a little canoe from the wood at the sides of the canal, and it floated upwards slowly until at last they reached a leaf on the top of the tree."

Possibly the word "creak" may be a local provincialism for "crack," but it was apparently used as a diminutive.

It appeared to be a word which the children had themselves coined to express the notion of a microscopic opening in the cell wall.

"When they got to the leaf they began to climb through a hole, but it was no easy task. Then they found that they were hanging on a leaf. And Olive sobbed out, 'I am so glad that we got away from those horrid little men.'

"Their clothes stuck to the leaf because they were very sticky. When they had time to look about them, they saw in the forest a great battle raging, and looking attentively they saw it was between Witch Catkin and Fairy Dewdrop. Then they saw some nimble elves climb on one of the dragon's backs, and drive a hard blow with a hatchet right through his armor into his blood. Now a dragon's blood is made of fire, and directly the dragon was wounded, he blew up. The explosion blew up the other dragon and Witch Catkin. The witch never came back again. The elves who were blown up with the dragon flew down again.

"So Olive, and Peterkin, and Fairy Dewdrop were left."

There was a brief discussion concerning dragon's blood. "Steam" was suggested, but when some one proposed "fire" the idea was received with acclamation: and the explosion was a spontaneous idea which, in the childish mind, followed quite naturally.

"Olive and Peterkin were shaken from the tree, and fell to the ground, but a spider's web caught them safely. The spider was not at home: he was gone to make another web.

"Close by them they saw Fairy Dewdrop peacefully sleeping in a wood anemone. They caught two ants, and

rode up to her, and as they got near the flower, the ants hitched up their backs, and shot them off. They fell right on Fairy Dewdrop's crown. This woke her up. She asked them what they were doing, and at first she was very angry.

"They told her their story, and asked her to make them the proper size again. She said she would if Peterkin would promise to be a good boy and protect Olive. At this she raised her wand and put it over them three times, and they soon became their proper size."

One notices in the ant incident the child's love of the unexpected. The unexpected and the inconsequential form the charm of the whole thing. The abrupt termination to the ride is delightfully boyish.

The writer has striven to avoid lengthy comment on the product of the children's invention: it has been his aim to let the production speak for itself. But there is a lesson in the ending of the tale which should be suggestive for those who may write for the little ones. Youngsters instinctively understand the dramatic and its essentials. Hence there is an entire absence of consequences, and they have not introduced any matter which might bring about an anti-climax.

"When they were their proper size, the fairy said, 'The first six dew-drops you pick every morning shall become diamonds.' Then the fairy mounted on a dewdrop and floated away."

The teacher might have drawn a moral, or might have accepted some conventional conclusion showing the ultimate fate of Olive and Peterkin, but the children decided the matter. They chorused, "Please, sir; that's the end."

And the children were right.

William J. Batchelder.

DESTINY DECIDES.

I.

The introductory lecture of my second session in medicine was just over, and teachers and students were mingling together exchanging salutations, when my arm was grasped by the Dean, and in a low voice he said: "Glad to see you looking so well, Smade. Come to my room when all this is over: I want to have a little chat with you."

Now during last session I had come very little in contact with the Dean (perhaps to my credit), and the request raised some feelings of trepidation. It was therefore with no great assurance that I found myself tapping at the door of the great man's private room.

As soon as I had entered, however, I was at once relieved, for with a pleasant smile he pushed forward a chair, and said: "Sit down; I want this to be a confidential interview."

He then took up a letter from his table, and holding it in his hand, turned to me, saying: "I want to interest you in a new student who is joining this session. He is an Afghan gentleman, in good social position in his own country, and he comes here with very high recommendations from the Secretary of State for India. I have here a private letter from his Excellency begging us to do all in our power to assist him in his medical studies and generally advise and guide him."

"I have decided that the wisest plan would be to attach him to some specially selected student of about his own standing who would undertake to look after him, and to whom he could turn for advice upon any subject."

"Now, if you will allow me to say so, there is no one I should be more glad to introduce him to than yourself."

"If," I replied, "I need only bind myself at the outset for the first term of the session, I am willing to undertake it."

"Then call on me here to-morrow at one, and I will introduce you to Mr. Jehangir."

I arrived next day at the appointed hour. As I entered, in obedience to the usual answer to my summons, a tall squarely built man rose from a chair, and I heard the Dean say: "Let me introduce you to Mr. Jehangir, of whom I have told you."

Jehangir made me a dignified and somewhat stiff bow, and holding out his hand, said in excellent if precise English: "I am honored in making your acquaintance."

The man whose hand I was now holding was tall and powerfully built, but with a slight stoop of the shoulders. His hair was glossy black, as were also his beard and mustache; the complexion was rather pale and slightly sallow. His features were heavy; the nose markedly aquiline, the lips large and full. His forehead was wide but receding, and the lower face powerful, massive and prominent. Altogether, his face was not handsome, but it was strongly cast and commanded respect. His eyes were brilliant and black, with a piercing glance which alternated with a melancholy preoccupied look. He was plainly but well dressed in good European clothes, and he wore a small white turban.

The voice of the Dean broke in upon my reverie. He was talking to the stranger.

"I have every confidence that you will find Mr. Smade of some assistance to

you, and you may trust yourself to him, at all events until you have become habituated to your new surroundings." Turning to me, he said: "I have been telling Mr. Jehangir that it will be necessary for him to take up his quarters near the hospital, and I have made a short list of likely houses. I would suggest now that you and he should go round together and make a selection."

We bowed and passed out. Eventually he was pleased with a suite of three handsome unfurnished rooms on the first floor in a house in Montague Place, and I arranged to have the dining-room and study below.

II.

He was not disposed to be very communicative, at all events at first. He told me on one occasion that he had been educated at an English school at Calcutta, but that he was a Mahomedan like his father; that he had a great admiration for the English medical profession, and that he intended when he had finished the curriculum to return to Cabul. I ventured to suggest, in the hope of hearing more about him, that no doubt he had many influential friends there; but though he evidently detected the half disclosed inquiry, he declined to be drawn into confidences, and merely replied, "Oh yes, I know many very good people there."

He was, on the other hand, intensely interested in all I could tell him about English life and institutions, and especially all that concerned hospitals and their management; the details of medical education and the granting of diplomas.

Every Saturday I received a little note sent down by his native servant inviting me to the theatre, and I finished up in his room discussing the play over the usual coffee and cigar-

ettes. This was the only hospitality he ever offered or accepted.

After the theatre one night I referred to what was at that time being much discussed in the daily papers—namely, the marked advances made by Russia towards Afghanistan, and the sympathy that appeared to be growing between the two nations, and I asked him what he thought of it.

To my surprise he threw off his usual calm and said excitedly:

"And is it our fault if we throw ourselves into the arms of Russia? You English do not, will not, understand us. Do you think we are willing to remain for ever half civilized? Are Europeans to be allowed to advance, and are Asiatics to remain stationary? You refuse to allow arms and ammunition to come to us across your frontier. You do not understand that, living as we do among tribes of warlike and ignorant robbers, before we can set up universities, schools, factories and such like, we must have superior weapons to guard all these. If we have to withdraw men from the practice of arms in order to study and teach, we must furnish them with protection; and how can we ensure this, if we are armed no better than the savages around us? Russia understands this, and is willing to aid us. What wonder, then, if we turn from the unsympathetic friend to the sympathetic one?"

A week or two passed after this conversation, when one morning we were gathered in one of the lecture theatres, chatting together and awaiting the professor's arrival. One of the students, named O'Connor, was descanting in an Irishman's slap-dash way upon the situation in Afghanistan, where the shadow of the approaching war was looming large.

"I tell you," I heard him say, "the Afghans are all robbers and liars. My grandfather was in the last Afghan war, and lost his life at the Khyber.

'Never trust an Afghan,' he used to say. This Ameer is as bad as the worst of them, and is only trying to bamboozle us and let the Russians into India. The Government should not treat a scoundrel like that as a civilized monarch."

A figure brushed quickly by me, and before I had time to recognize the white turban, two powerful hands were upon O'Connor's throat, and assailant and assailed went down on the floor of the theatre together in what looked very like a death-grapple.

The two panting men were of course quickly disengaged by the others; and before O'Connor, who was considerably shaken, had recovered his power of speech, I seized Jehangir by the arm and hurried him out of the theatre, and we were soon on our road to Montague Place.

When in his room he threw himself on a divan and said, "Well, what are you going to do now?"

"This is a serious matter," I said. "I shall have to see the Dean about it. You attacked O'Connor first."

He replied quickly: "The ignorant fool! did you not hear what he was saying? Am I to stand by, and tamely to listen to insults against my own people? What would you have done in my place? It was lucky for him I had nothing but my hands."

"Yes, and lucky for yourself, too. But I agree with you: O'Connor had no right to talk like that when you were present. Probably he did not think of you when he was speaking. He has good reason to dislike your nation intensely. On second thoughts I will see him about it first."

"Well," he said, "I leave myself in your hands."

I did see O'Connor soon after, and pointed out to him the provocation he had given by his unguarded remarks. The Irishman was fully able to appreciate patriotic enthusiasm, and being

at bottom generous and warm-hearted, agreed to admit his bad taste and ask pardon for his inconsiderate remarks. Jehangir signed a letter in exchange, which was written by myself, and with these in my pocket I called upon the Dean. The latter was much perturbed over the occurrence—more so than I should have expected. He appeared to look upon it more seriously than an ordinary row between two students. He was much relieved when I showed him the two letters of apology, and thanked me for my services.

"However," he said, "this must not be entirely passed over. Mr. Jehangir and Mr. O'Connor are suspended for a week."

The incident was thus closed, and I do not think Jehangir suffered in the estimation of the other students.

III.

One afternoon, on returning from the hospital, I found the native servant waiting at my door. As soon as I had closed the front door he saluted and said: "Will you come up and see the Sahib? he is much ill, and wants you."

On entering his room, I discovered my friend lying on a divan with his head hidden by his arm. He rose slowly, and I was shocked by the haggard look upon his face. "I am very sorry to hear you are ill," I said. "What is it?"

He pointed to a telegram lying on the table, and said, after a moment's pause: "Not ill, but bad news. Very, very bad news." I waited a little, and he continued: "His Highness the Ameer has fled from Cabul, and the dynasty is ruined. I am therefore ruined too. I have now nothing in the world but what I have about me."

I replied: "The English are not like that; they will respect private property. You must be mistaken."

He smiled grimly. "You do not know

the East. It is not the English I refer to. It is the new Ameer, whoever he will be—for England will not want to annex Afghanistan."

"But why should he plunder a private person?"

But he only continued to shake his head sadly. At last, as I still appeared incredulous, he said: "Sit down, and we will have some coffee and I will explain it all to you."

The coffee was quickly brought, and handing me his cigarette-case he began: "You have been so good and loyal a friend to me for the last eighteen months that I feel you are entitled to be told more about myself than any one here knows, especially as I shall probably be more than ever in need of such a friend. I had expected to be in a position to acknowledge the obligation in a different fashion, and I even hoped that together we might have carried out a great and noble enterprise. But that is all over now, and this confidence is a poor substitute. His Highness the late Ameer is my uncle and very good friend. My mother is a Begum, and I myself in my own country am a Khan or Prince. I had therefore no intention, as you may imagine, of practising my profession for the purpose of gaining a livelihood or even improving my social position. With the approval and encouragement of my relations, my aim was to return to Cabul, after graduating in medicine in London, and to establish, with the assistance of my uncle, the late Ameer, a Royal Hospital and National Medical School on western lines. With this object I was sent to an English school at Calcutta, and after that, through the advice and kind assistance of Lord —, your Viceroy, I entered at University College a year and a half ago. I have done my best so far. The object I had was stimulus enough. I should have been proud of being the founder of the first medical school in

Afghanistan, and had my uncle retained the throne no obstacle stood in my way if I could but qualify myself. I had the means, the necessary influence, and the further encouragement that I realized only too well how great a need there is in my country for such a school.

"But this telegram has shattered my scheme, and entirely changed the course of my life, and I will tell you how.

"You must know that my uncle had a rival to the throne—a wandering, exiled pretender—a man intensely and personally hostile to him and to all his relations (as is the way in the East). Now, it is almost certain that the English will make him Ameer, and if so it is equally certain that he will execute or impoverish every one of the representatives of the fallen dynasty he can lay his hands on. My mother will have to fly either to India or Russia, and our patrimony will be seized. I shall receive, therefore, no more money from Afghanistan; but worse than that, my influence is gone as well, and I shall never dare to see my native land again." His head fell forward upon his hands, and he gave way to his dejection.

It was several moments before I could command myself enough to speak. "Mr. Jehangir," I said at last, "you have been condescending enough to call me your friend. I can only say I am prouder of that than I ever expect to be again in life. If you will only continue to look upon me as your friend, and as one willing to help you to the best of my ability, I shall feel highly honored."

He held out his hand silently, and I silently and sympathetically shook it.

When I returned from the hospital next day I found a note asking me to come upstairs after I had finished my evening's work. I found Jehangir more composed and with the air of a man who had come to a final determination.

After we had lighted the inevitable cigarettes, he began: "Since I saw you I have been down to the India Office and had an interview with Lord ——. His view of the situation is just as I described it to you last night. He agrees with me that the Government cannot protect me anywhere in India. He has undertaken that a telegram shall be sent to the commander of the first British troops that arrive in Cabul, authorizing him to receive and take charge of any money and valuables sent to him by my mother, and he offered to have any such sent here to me. I have decided, however, that as my mother will require all she can take with her of that nature for her own use, I will not deprive her. I have enough in the bank here to serve with economy until I can take my diploma, and then I must set to work to earn some more. Unfortunately Lord — would not hold out any hopes of Government employment, as his influence only extended to India, and it was agreed by every one at the India Office that I could not go there. So, my friend, what you have to do for me is to get me through the College of Surgeons as quickly as you can."

The old life was then resumed, but the theatre-going was restricted to invitations on my side. At Jehangir's urgent request no hint of any change was allowed to leak out at the hospital, and for the next eighteen months we worked away without attracting any unusual attention.

It was now time for me to go up for my final examination at the College of Surgeons, and Jehangir's interest and anxiety on my behalf was touching in its evident sympathy and friendliness. We had become now more intimate, and I found a warmth of heart behind his reserve that I had hardly suspected.

In those days the final act which passed a man out of the rank of student was the *viva-voce* examination,

which was held in the evening behind closed doors, and generally did not end till late at night. The College gates were then opened again, and the unlucky ones were politely requested to depart again to their studies, while the happy and now exultant remnant, after being ceremoniously admitted as Members by the assembled Council, received the congratulations of their friends in the hall.

I soon espied Jehangir's turban and now radiant face as I stepped out of the Council-room.

"This is a long business," he said. "I have been here since eight o'clock. Two hours I waited in the square, and I have been nearly an hour in the hall here. Aren't you very tired? for I'm sure I am."

"Pretty well done up," I said; "and before I tell you anything I must get some supper."

We were soon at a table in a restaurant, and were somewhat recklessly ordering oysters, soup, omelettes, champagne, and goodness knows what; for a man does not get a diploma every year of his life, and beside the extravagance of my feelings the cravings of the inner man were imperative. Jehangir with some slight impatience waited till I was sufficiently satisfied to talk, and then, of course, I had to describe every detail of the process I had been subjected to. We talked long, and were so absorbed that we remained till the lights were being turned out, and then wended our way home after midnight.

As we reached Montague Place and Jehangir's foot was on the lowest doorstep, a man pushed past me, and throwing out his arm, struck him in the side. I heard him give a gasp, and saw him turn and cling to the railing. I sprang at the man, but he slipped under my arm and disappeared across the road into Woburn Square and away from the gas-lamps. I was on the point of

giving chase, when Jehangir called: "Don't leave me: he has stabbed me."

I hastily threw my arm round him, and opening the door with my latch-key, got him on to the hall chair and quickly struck a light. He was sitting with his hand pressed against the left side, looking ghastly white. His servant now came running down the stairs, and I said: "He has been stabbed: open his clothes there."

This was quickly done, and there was a wound above the left hip. I applied a temporary dressing, and as he was too faint to walk we carried him up into his own room and laid him on a divan. With the servant's help I now proceeded to make a careful examination, and was relieved to find that we had only to deal with a flesh wound. Doubtless the fact that, at the moment the blow was delivered, Jehangir was raising himself on the step had vitiated the assassin's aim, and what had been intended for his heart had fallen upon his hip. I applied the appropriate sutures and dressings, and as he complained of considerable pain I proposed to give him a hypodermic injection of morphia. He agreed to this, but only on condition that I was to promise to say no word to any one concerning the occurrence without first consulting him. I assented wonderingly, and he was soon sleeping quietly. I left him on the divan in charge of his servant, and sought my own room.

What did it all mean? Was there another mystery to be unfolded? Why did he insist on secrecy? Was there anything discreditable, or anything he wished to hide? The servant certainly did not appear so astonished as I had expected. Had I been neglectful of my own interests in giving him my promise? Might not suspicion rest on me in consequence? Thank Heaven, the wound was not likely to lead to fatal consequences. Anxiety, coupled with my recent excitement and nervous

strain, rendered sleep impossible; and feeling more like a condemned criminal than a new-fledged diplomé, I rose at the first streak of dawn and stole upstairs. Jehangir was sleeping, and his man asleep on the floor beside him. I hastily glanced at the dressings—they were still in place, and I left without waking either.

Later, I was trying to do something in the way of breakfast when his servant appeared and said, "The sahib is waking, and says, will you come?"

I went accordingly, and found Jehangir just awake.

"That was a big dose you gave me," he said; "I have slept all night."

After he had had a light meal and I had again examined the dressings, I said: "Now this must be reported to the police, and the man must be found if possible. Can you give me any clue? Have you any reason to suspect any one?"

"My very kind friend," he replied, "I beg you as a favor not to do anything of the sort. My death would be worth a king's ransom to any poor Hindoo who could accomplish it and carry the proof to Cabul. If you make a noise about it, it will only advertise my whereabouts, and I shall have ten men lying in wait, for the one who has recognized me. *He* will not inform the others, for he wants the reward for himself. Come, it is nothing. It is not unusual, as you know, for me to remain for days in my room in the charge of my servant."

I felt he was right from his point of view, but was not so certain as to the correctness of my own position in agreeing to hush up an attempted crime. I decided, however, to waive a decision on the latter point, and to assent to his request.

IV.

In due time I had the pleasure of congratulating him in the Hall of the

College of Surgeons; and mindful of the occurrence on the last occasion, I had a cab in waiting, and we drove rapidly to Montague Place, where we remained and talked over his plans and prospects till the small hours. I left as the dawn was breaking, with uneasy feelings. His money was nearly all spent, and how was an Asiatic and inexperienced doctor to earn his living in Europe, where competition was already too keen?—for India, or indeed anywhere in Asia, was out of the question, as too full of danger.

A somewhat severe attack of illness, shortly after this, obliged me to return home for several weeks to recuperate. I heard frequently from Jehangir, but his letters, if not exactly despondent, were graver in tone; the burden always being, "No one wanted an Afghan doctor."

I had only returned to work a few days, when one morning at an early hour my night-bell was rung violently, and going down I beheld the servant Ali, with ashen-gray face and staring eyes, at the door.

"Oh! Smade Sahib! Smade Sahib!" he wailed, swaying from side to side.

"For goodness' sake, come in," I said, "and tell me what is the matter," and I pushed him into the surgery.

He sat, or rather dropped, upon the floor, and broke out into a long wail, rocking himself to and fro, the tears rolling down his face. "Jehangir Sahib has gone. He is dead. Oh, he is dead! You must come now. He had a letter for you."

With feelings of the utmost dismay I hastened into my clothes and round to Montague Place. The front door was open; and I was eagerly greeted by the people of the house, who were waiting for me on the doorstep.

"There is a doctor upstairs," the landlady whispered in a frightened voice. "They say it was suicide."

In his room was a medical man

whom I knew slightly. As I came in he pointed to a letter on the table and said: "This is evidently meant for you, Dr. Smade. You will see everything for yourself in the next room. Do not touch anything, however, for the police are coming, and they must make their own investigations and report." Following me in, he said: "He had been dead some hours when they fetched me."

There on the bed, dressed in his Afghan costume of scarlet and blue cloth, with loose white trousers and high boots, and covered over with a white mantle, his belt and sword by his side, lay my friend, Jehangir Khan, lineal descendant of Dost Mohamed, Ameer of Afghanistan. By his right hand was a small syringe for administering morphia hypodermically. The scene was complete.

I knew quite well what would be the contents of the letter, but I opened and read it wearily.

My only dear Friend,—

You know me, and you know my life. You know that my destiny has required this of me. I am now absolutely without money and without credit. Your Government cannot, or will not, give me any employment. I have tried unsuccessfully for many months to find a means of earning my bread. My mother is also in distress, and I will not add to her burden by applying to her. I cannot starve. It is impossible for me to accept charity. My ancestry forbids such a disgrace. You will therefore perceive, my friend, that what I do is both right and honorable and becoming a prince. I have nothing to regret, except the grief I know you will feel. It was no fault of mine that I had failed in my enterprise. Destiny rules our lives, and we must all bow to it, as I do now.

Farewell, my friend. The parting from you is my only pang. I bear witness that you have faithfully fulfilled the promise you gave to the Dean.

Bid him also farewell, and give him my thanks. *Jehangir Khan.*

There followed something in a language I could not read, and I appealed to the servant Ali.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

He replied:—

“Allah Akbar,” (*God is great.*)”

W. Smade.

SALAMANCA.

The sun was just rising over the boundless plain, full of dust, where the little cities are so hard to find, when I set out on my journey for Salamanca, that lies scarcely fifty miles away from Medina del Campo, a little wretched village that lends its name to the junction of the lines from Salamanca and Segovia. In spite of the monotony of the landscape the view was very beautiful under the level light of the sun, that gave to that limitless desert an infinite wideness and immensity that were hidden at midday. A great old tower of brick, rosy in the sunrise, stood on a little hill behind the station; far, far away I descried the faint outlines of blue mountains, and nearer, but still far away, a cloud of dust rose where a herd of swine moved from one hill to another. So I watched day dawn upon that silent golden world.

The coach in which I travelled, divided by low wooden barriers into five compartments, was full of men and women, who continually passed in and out at the innumerable little stations at which we stopped. A strange, a delightful company; for all, without exception, were in some indefinable way beautiful. I know not how it was, but in every face, and especially in the old, I found a certain distinction as it were, a raciness, that was more than a mere absence of vulgarity. They were simple people, who had not lost touch with the eternal things; day and night still ruled their lives, the sun for them was a kind of god, the rain a sweet mercy from heaven; and for

them, too, the seasons were even yet a pageant, and autumn was for sowing and summer for reaping. It is impossible for me to compare them with an English crowd of third-class passengers,—they were not a crowd, they were just men and women. Not one of them had ever seen that which we call a city, not one of them had even been able to forget what we have perhaps lost for ever, not one of them had suffered the tyranny of the machine or the newspaper, or seen the sky covered by anything but clouds. And so they were beautiful, it may be, because they were quite natural people, whom it would have been impossible to imagine in the distress of our trumpery cities. Nor were they without a certain gentleness of manners: though I was a foreigner—and foreigners are rare in third-class carriages in Spain, and more especially on the road to Salamanca,—I must confess that it was I who stared. And yet every now and then I would catch the last glimpse of a smile fading from a girl's face, or from the eyes of an old man, at my strange appearance, my horrible tight clothes, my English hat, my absurd and hideous collar and hard shirt. So the time passed, as slowly we crept across that immense plain, while the summer sun rose out of the east in his greatness and strength, scattering his burning gold over the dust that, without a single green blade or shrub or shady tree, stretched away for ever over the low hills and shallow thirsty valleys. It was a long journey; and when at last I saw the tower of the Cathedral, and

the great and ancient city rising out of the plain, I was very ready for the walk that it seems necessary to take from the station to the city almost everywhere in Spain.

It was along a road six inches deep in dust that I came at last to the ruined ancient gates of Salamanca. How rosy everything was! and indeed the city is the color of a *Gloire de Dijon* just before it drops its first petal. Over all that vast melancholy country she seems to look with an inscrutable smile. Around her are the desolate places. She is the rose of the desert. She lies upon two hillsides, and fills the valley between. Her streets are narrow and steep, with many turnings; and the traffic is for the most part just the continual passing to and fro of many mules and asses. When a cart passes by, or, more rarely still, a carriage, the noise is deafening, echoing again and again between the tall houses in those narrow streets paved with rough stones. Pass through this city so beautiful and so desolate, past the Cathedral, the *Colegio Viejo*, the University, the *Casa de las Conchas*, the Convent of Santo Domingo, down at last to the old Roman bridge that still strides over the Tormes; everywhere you will find her smiling that inscrutable smile—at sunrise, at noon, or at sunset—over the barren miles of dust that, it might seem, will one day overwhelm her like a forgotten sphinx, an unremembered idol.

It is thus in summer she stands, a tawny inscrutable statue upon her hills, dead or asleep or dreaming I know not, who have loved her in the long languorous days because she is all of rose and gold. And in spring, when the desert lays at her feet all his treasures—infinite fields of waving corn, green and scarlet with poppies and golden,—all day long I have heard the wind come to her over the priceless fields, and seen his white footsteps tu-

multuous as on the sea, and I have listened with the desert that has blossomed for her, that has brought her his gifts, waiting for the word that the wind should bring from her till the flowers have died under the sun, and the corn is reaped, and the wind has passed on his way, and all I heard was the word of eternal patience and of indestructible silence—Hush. . . .

Well, it is to the Cathedrals that the traveller first goes, having seen their great cupolas, it may be, far and far away over the desert. And indeed from afar they are beautiful, on the one side or on the other; but in any closer view it is really only the older Romanesque building, quite dismantled now, that is not disappointing,—the newer pretentious Gothic church being full of ineffectual work, overloaded with ornament and late decoration. They stand side by side, the smaller and older building indeed priceless, though not built of precious stone, supporting, as it were, the newer church. That old golden house, through whose walls the sunshine has filtered for eight hundred years till it seems to be built of stone that the sun has stained with its life and made precious, is a building for the most part of the twelfth century, the first Mass being said here in the year 1100. Cruciform in its design, it originally consisted of nave and aisles, with five bays, three eastern apses, and a dome or lantern over the crossing,—a thing very lovely and original, if we consider it carefully, lifted into the sky on pillars, between which the sunlight falls as among the carved lines of the windows, where the shadows are so cool and the wind sings to itself in the long hot days. "Fortis Salamantia," an old Spanish writer calls the church, summing up for us in the phrase really the chief characteristics of the place, its strength consisting not only in the solidity of its stones but in a certain indestructible spirit also, that

informs it even to-day when it is dismantled. It is as though you had wandered by chance into some monastic church, where everything passes quietly and with a certain precision and order, in which you might seek in vain for the enthusiasm of a great congregation, the immense emotion of the world. And for those, indeed, to whom stone is of all things the most beautiful in architecture,—the surface, precious as it were with the bloom of the centuries, and beautiful too, since it holds still something of the simplicity of the hills,—the "old" Cathedral will remain how much more lovely than the "new," where everywhere you may trace the ambitious thoughts, the insincere laborious workmanship of the Renaissance, in which natural things have so little part, it might seem, anxious as men at that time seem to have been, here in Spain at least, to bring all things under their feet. Time, that most subtle artist, has made the old church beautiful with all his infinite thoughts, laying upon pillar and gateway the gold and the light of his sunsets, the flowers that he has gathered in all the springs. And, indeed, he is a master whom a true architect, a true painter, will always in due measure trust. It might seem that it is only for those who are not simple enough, or not patient enough, that he can do nothing: something of that want of simplicity, of humility, is to be found, I think, in all the later buildings of Spain, where the architect has so carved everything with tracery and ornament that the utmost time can do is to destroy bit by bit, piece by piece, the dainty lace-work, the restless ornament, making a little space of plain stone on which he may contrive to leave the beauty of his passing. As you return from the ruined cloisters and certain late chapels, among which is one where the mozarabic ritual is still used six times in a year, you enter

the new Cathedral by a door at the top of a flight of steps in the south aisle. It is as though you had suddenly stepped from the woods into an eighteenth-century garden full of topiary work. A certain broad Gothic manner informs the church, it is true, and yet spoiled as just that, to any sensitive eye, it may be, by reason of the complexity of everything, its futile labor, its immense ambition, the absence of simplicity. From outside we may see how unfortunate the church really was in its birth, how restless it is in its impotence for anything but rhetoric, towering into the sky a magnificent failure, covered with decorations, content with its own grandiose immensity; happiest at night under the stars that are powerless to discern its insincerity, its real vulgarity; most miserable when the sun in its fierce impartial way strips it before the world, laying bare to the desert and the hills every gesticulating crocket and scroll, every shouting pinnacle and fantastic empty niche.

Not far away you find the University founded by Alfonso, King of León. It is a spare, rather sad world that little old college now broods over. For here, where once all the world was proud to send its sons, is now a school devoted it might seem, to a system of almost primary education, and to theology. Children, as of old, for nothing seems to change in old Spain, sparsely fill the benches that should hold undergraduates. Never have I seen a ruin so terrible. One of the oldest universities in the world (though Oxford takes precedence of it by a decree of the Council of Constance in 1414), in old days its students were more than ten thousand in number; its professors, its learning, had a great reputation not only in Spain but throughout Europe. Among its famous sons were saints like St. Dominic and St. Ignatius Loyola, and poets like Fray Luis of

León and Calderón de la Barca. To-day it numbers some four hundred pupils. A letter of Peter Martyr gives a vivid picture of the literary enthusiasm of the place in the fifteenth century; for it seems the throng was so great to hear his introductory lecture on some Satire of Juvenal that every avenue to the hall was blocked by the crowd, and the professor, who later calls Salamanca the "New Athens," was borne into his lecture-room on the shoulders of the students. In 1594 a member of the Council of the Inquisition, Juan de Zuñiga, as Royal Commissioner, reorganized the schools, founding a faculty of mathematics such as no other university in Europe could boast; and indeed the works of Copernicus were used as text-books. Yet Diego de Torres, writing in the first half of the eighteenth century, says that he had been five years at Salamanca before he discovered, quite by chance, that there was such a thing as a science of mathematics! To-day, as you pass under the little gateway that faces the façade of the Cathedral, coming into the great cloister with its beautiful but ruined gallery, out of which you pass into the class-rooms so meagre and bare, the tragedy that has fallen upon Spain seems to find expression very pathetically in the fate of this college once so splendid. And indeed we are in the home of the "poor bachelor," a student who for the sake of learning is willing to be hungry, to content himself with very few of the material comforts of life.

The more fortunate among these undergraduates live on three or four pesetas a-day, but it would seem they are rare; the many find lodging with the burgesses of Salamanca, who receive them a *pupilo*, as they say, for which they pay a peseta or a peseta and a half a-day. The straitness of their surroundings, the modesty of these homes, may better be imagined than de-

scribed. But there are students even poorer who come to Salamanca, the veritable brothers of Don Cherubini, who pay for their lodging, their food, and the necessities of life—those things which seem to be so few in Spain—not more than ten pesetas a-month, and I have been told of those who live for five. They come at the beginning of term, bringing with them their beds and certain necessary provisions, such as a basket of *garbanzos* and some dried fish, certain little Spanish sausages, *chorizos*, and, it may be, a little home-grown wine. But for the most part they drink water, that *agua fresca* which is so precious in Spain that it is sold in the streets.

How strange, how impossible Salamanca might seem to any one coming from Oxford or Cambridge! How splendid is the courage that is willing to suffer such poverty for the sake of learning! Poor splendid bachelor, you are one of the heroes that Spain keeps ever in an abject world. In your strong heart I will believe lies the future of Spain. You are of the ancient race which at Lepanto neither slept nor quenched its thirst till it had accomplished its desire. And yet, is it learning you get, after all, in exchange for your privations? I know not. Yet if all I was told may pass for truth, even that pearl for which you have sacrificed everything is denied you: the old great learning lost, the new dreams of science, or philosophy, passed over in silence, while the great tradition is gone for ever, save that you in your poverty have preserved what you could in your heart. But as you journey homewards over the great vague roads, they are yours, the immense beautiful dreams that are left in your heart: while, O fortunate, there remains still the earth your only bed, the sky your blue curtain, it is still easy to love, to sing, to pray, to believe, and to trust in God.

Among the rest there may still be seen at Salamanca certain figures almost English in their neatness; they are the students of the Irish College. Housed as it is in one of the loveliest palaces in a city of palaces, that Irish College is, I think, just a survival, very valuable as just that it may be, yet still something that is a little fantastic when one remembers that in Ireland herself better learning may be had without difficulty; and, if we ignore for a moment the influence of so old, so venerable a place as this sweet fallen city, a larger view of the world, a stronger sense of life. And yet I for one would not have that Irish College suppressed for the world. It is still a witness, when all have forgotten, to the greatness of Spain, and I will believe that, in spite of every misfortune, they are fortunate who live in so old, so beautiful a city. Yet it is true there are misfortunes. Before I left Salamanca for good, I wished to possess a book, an edition of Homer, a book of Virgil, a play of Sophocles, whose title should bear the imprint of the University,—as who should say, at Salamanca at the University Press was this book printed; but this was not to be. In vain I searched every bookshop, every counter; no edition of the classics, no edition even of Fray Luis' poems has, within living memory, been printed for the University; and, if you will believe me, all that the booksellers of Salamanca seemed to possess were certain foreign novels and the little cheap reprints, "*Biblioteca Universal*," printed at Madrid.

It was at the University that I saw the manuscript of the poems of Fray Luis of León, whose ashes are in the little chapel in the cloister. Born at Belmonte de Cuenca in 1529, Fray Luis entered the Augustinian Order when he was eighteen years old, and in 1560 became Professor of Theology at Salamanca. But I wish only to recall here

his encounter with León de Castro, who, in those days, held the Greek chair in the University, and with whom Fray Luis was not friends. During some public discussion Fray Luis, it seems, threatened the Greek professor with the Inquisition, and with the public burning of his treatise on Isaiah, which, for what we know, may have been a villainous production. However, de Castro anticipated him, denounced him as a Jew to the Dominicans, and since he had, poet as he was, translated the Song of Songs into the Castilian tongue—a grave offence it might seem—he was arrested in March, 1572, and imprisoned here in Salamanca for four years or more. In spite of his enemies, however, he was acquitted at last on December 7, 1576, and on his return to the University, where the chair of Theology had been kept for him, he began his first lecture in these words: "*Señores*, as we were saying the other day . . ." It was so in old Spain that they ruled the world.

It was, however, a greater matter that in 1482 was being debated in the hall of the great Dominican Convent of San Estéban. The university professors, ecclesiastics for the most part, to whom the matter had been referred by the king, had pronounced against the proposed voyage of Don Cristobal Colon as a thing "vain, impracticable, and resting on grounds too weak to merit the support of the Government." It was this pronouncement that the Dominicans, with the Archbishop of Seville, Diego de Deza, at their head, were debating. Deza, later the successor of Torquemada as head of the Inquisition, in those days certainly was one of the most liberal and intelligent men in Spain. He and his Dominicans, to their undying glory, were too enlightened to acquiesce in the sentence of the professors. They offered Don Cristobal their hospitality and their friendship, and not only cordially embraced

his idea but obtained for him a promise from the Catholic kings that at the conclusion of the war they would find "both time and inclination to treat with him." That old great convent, restored though it be for the most part, might seem to hold even yet some remembrance of that splendid presence, some deathless grace or greatness from those days so long ago. As I wandered through its passages, up its immense stair-cases, through numberless empty and deserted cells, out at last to the poor forsaken garden, where on a little hill a great lonely crucifix, black in the sunset, blesses the desert, it was of him, the great adventurer, I spoke with the old Friar who accompanied me. "His genius was so great that although I have never seen the sea, when I remember him and his dreams I seem to understand everything: the promise of the sunset, the immensity of the ocean, the vision that must be true." The old Friar, with his long white

Blackwood's Magazine.

beard swept over his shoulders by the wind, seemed in the twilight to be speaking as much to himself as to me. Far, far away over the desert the bells of Salamanca recalled to the world the birth of Christ. But he was thinking of other things. In his eyes was the light of the great enthusiasm, his old worn hand trembled as he stretched it out over that sad and beautiful world. "I have heard that he could discern the nearness of land in a piece of floating sea-weed or in the flight of a bird, or in the strength of the wind; when one speaks of him cities, clouds, and mountains disappear, and only what is formed by the spirit remains. Like the greatest saints, he seemed ever to be listening to a voice silent for other men." Then he was silent. Out of the desert night was coming. When at last we turned and made our way slowly back to the convent it was quite dark.

Edward Hutton.

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

JANE'S EIGHTH OR NINTH.

Mrs. Wishart to her sister, Mrs. Tylor.

Dear Emily,—I suppose you have heard that poor Jane is engaged again, and this time it really looks as if it might last. I heard the news from Charlotte, but she says very little. She has not seen him yet. He is a curate named Trevor Singer, and at present is in a church at Hove. It does not sound very grand, but Jane, of course, has her £600 a year, and that should help. She will never give up her horse, I am sure. She is staying at Brighton in a boarding house, all alone, near a Mews. How like her!

Yours,

Mary.

Mrs. Tylor to Mrs. Wishart.

Dear Mary,—What you say about Jane has set us all in a flutter. We

have been trying to fix the number of Mr. Singer's predecessors. Arthur thinks it is seven, but I can only make six, unless, of course, you count that little architect who came about the new billiard room. But surely that was all on one side, although the same remark might, I suppose, be made about them all. Well, it is quite time she settled down, for she must be getting on. Is it thirty-seven or thirty-eight? A curate at Hove does not sound very exciting, but Jane always looked for an amenable man rather than an exciting one. Just think of that Socialist she used to lead about when we were all at Overstrand. Which reminds me that I had forgotten him when I was counting them up. He makes seven for certain—with the

little architect eight, and with *Mr. Singer* nine. I am dying to hear more about it all.

Yours,

Emily.

Mr. Hugh Tylor to Mrs. Tylor.

Dear Mother,—Who do you think I saw on the sea wall yesterday? *Jane*,—with a very old parson. She was hanging on his arm just as if she were his only daughter, and I walked behind them for ever so far, and then hurried away before they turned, as I didn't want to meet them and have the bore of being introduced. Besides, I didn't want *Jane* to know. I was here, or she would be bothering me to ride out with her beside her old rocking-horse. But I wonder who the parson is and how she got so thick with him. It's a change for her, after her poets and high-art furniture men.

Your affectionate *Hugh.*

Mr. Hugh Tylor to Mrs. Tylor.

My dear Mother,—I cannot answer your questions, I am afraid, as I have not seen the parson again, although I saw *Jane* on horseback yesterday and was just in time to turn into a by-street. At the "Bideford," where I am, one is rather out of the way of finding out anything about Hove curates, but his name is in the Directory all right. Why don't you try the Clergy List if you want to know more? Or write to *Jane* yourself. Only if you do, don't say I am at Brighton: I came here for rest. I am quite sure it was an old man—about a hundred, I should say. Certainly not a young and dashing curate.

Your affectionate *Hugh.*

Mrs. Tylor to her niece, Jane Rudstock.

My dear Jane,—I have just heard what I hope is a true rumor—that you are engaged. I think you might have told

me yourself, but no doubt you have had very little time in the midst of your new happiness. Do let me have a line and tell me all about him; what he does, where you will live, and what his age is, and so forth.

Your loving aunt, *Emily.*

Miss Jane Rudstock to Mrs. Tylor.

My dear Aunt Emily,—I am sorry that I did not write to you at once. As a matter of fact I did start a letter to you a day or so ago, but while I was in the midst of it I went for a ride and saw *Hugh* coming towards me, but the way in which he turned his horse's head up a by-street because he did not want to be bored by meeting me, discouraged me from going on. I am not vindictive, but I am utterly daunted by any suspicion of avoidance in others. As it is, however, unfair to include you in this feeling, I tell you now very readily that the rumor is true. It is a *Mr. Singer*, a curate at St. Benedict's, Hove, and we hope to be married very soon. He will stay here until he gets a living, which may happen at any moment, as he is on very good terms with both the Bishop and the Archbishop. His age is thirty-four. I could have wished that my husband were older than I, but *Trevor* won't hear of this. He is totally without relations, and was a very lonely man until I met him—on the Downs above Brighton, where he helped to get a stone out of *Tommy's* foot.

Your affectionate niece, *Jane.*

Mrs. Tylor to Mr. Hugh Tylor.

My dear Hugh,—The plot thickens. *Jane* (who, it seems, saw you that day when you were riding, and is hurt by your treatment) tells me that her *fancé* is only thirty-four. This makes the old clergyman whom you saw her embracing a very mysterious creature. Are you sure it was *Jane*? It is all

very perplexing. You ought to call on the poor girl. She is very unhappy about your behavior.

Your loving

Mother.

Mrs. Tylor to Mrs. Wishart.

Dear Mary,—I have heard from Jane, a nice letter telling me all about Mr. Singer, and how happy she is. One of her delightful, spontaneous, confiding letters. She says that he is thirty-four, but the odd thing is that Hugh, who is at Brighton, saw her hanging to the arm of quite an old clergyman, in public, on the sea wall. As the dear girl says that her *fiancé* has no relations, this is very odd, isn't it? But she always was so odd, and made such curious friends.

Yours,

Emily.

Mrs. Rudstock to her daughter, Jane Rudstock.

My dearest Jane,—I am so distressed, having heard through your aunt Mary a very odd story of your being seen on the Brighton Front in much too friendly intercourse with an old clergyman, just after your engagement to Mr. Singer. My dear child, you must be very careful now that you are engaged. Apart altogether from Mr. Singer's feelings, you must consider us, too. It was bad enough to go to Brighton without any chaperon but your eternal horse. Please set my mind at rest by telling me who this old clergyman was. I hope Mr. Singer's grandfather, although I seemed to remember that you said he had no relations.

Your fond

Mother.

From Jane Rudstock to Mrs. Rudstock.

My dear Mother,—As usual the whole trouble has come through aunt Mary and aunt Emily. Hugh seems to have

been spying about at Brighton and sending home silly letters, although he has not had the friendliness to call on me. There is nothing to explain except that Trevor has white hair and from the back might look older than he is. If you were to trust me more it would be better for us all.

Your loving daughter, *Jane.*

Mrs. Rudstock to her daughter, Jane.

My dear Child,—Your letter fills me with misgivings. Don't say you are marrying an albino. You will be the first Rudstock to do such a thing. Do let me know instantly that his white hair was the result of an illness, or a sudden fright. I cannot bear the thought of my daughter's husband having pink eyes,

Your distressed

Mother.

*Jane Rudstock to Mrs. Rudstock.
(Telegram.)*

Trevor albino right enough. Took double first Oxford. Cousin Lord Lamberhurst. First authority England on Saxon founts. Amateur champion racquets, 1894. Longs to meet you.

Jane.

Mrs. Rudstock to her sister, Mrs. Wishart.

Dear Mary,—I do wish you would learn a lesson from the past, and not exaggerate simple things. That dreadful trouble over Agnes and the Sunday School treat ought to have taught you something. All the fuss about poor Jane at Brighton is due to the simple fact that Mr. Singer, to whom she is engaged, has prematurely white hair—is, in fact, an albino. Why he should not be I cannot see. In fact, I think albinos quite attractive, and they are notoriously cleverer than other people. He is a dear good fellow, a great scholar and athlete, and the cousin of

Lord Lamberhurst, and we are all going to be very fond of him. Please write Jane a nice letter.

Yours,

Charlotte.

Mrs. Wishart to Mrs. Tylor.

Dear Emily,—It is so funny I can hardly hold the pen. Jane's choice is an albino, and that accounts for the white hair. Charlotte is trying to brave it out and pretend that she could not

Punch.

love any son-in-law who had not white hair and pink eyes, but of course she is mortified to death at the humiliation of it. Poor Jane! How they can allow an albino to take orders I can't think, especially when the Church is threatened on all sides as it now is; but there you are. I wish you had sent on Jane's confiding, spontaneous letter about her freak, but I suppose you had your reasons for not doing so.

Yours,

Mary.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The late Mrs. Chesson (Nora Hopper) left three young children. So inadequate are the means for their maintenance that a committee has been formed in London to receive subscriptions to a fund for their benefit. Mrs. Ernestine Mills, at 21 St. Mary Abbott's Terrace, Kensington, is secretary of the committee, and will acknowledge subscriptions.

The Early English Drama Society have now started on the first year's publications of the "Facsimile Series." The reproduction will be of the most exact kind; no touching up of blemishes, restoration of blurred words, or other mechanical manipulation of the original text will be allowed; and all such details will be dealt with only in the Note-Book and Word-List. The first issue, Massinger's "Believe as You List," edited by Mr. A. H. Bullen, will be ready shortly.

It is well-known that Milton entertained, at one time, the idea of writing a tragedy, and that among the subjects which he noted down as suitable for the purpose was *Paradise Lost*. He even sketched out four scenes, and wrote the first ten lines. For satis-

factory reasons Milton abandoned the plan. But a modern writer, Mr. Walter Stephens, has made the venture, and his work appears in a volume entitled "*Paradise Lost, a Drama in Four Acts adapted from John Milton's Epic Poem.*" The English censor has, however, refused consent to the public performance of the play.

"The Misses Make-Believe" of Mary Stuart Boyd's readable story are so dubbed by malicious friends on account of the shifts to which they resort to keep up appearances after the death of their father, a fashionable London physician. Not till their slender capital is exhausted do they take their guardian's advice and retire with their little annuities to a cottage in Devonshire, where the appearance of two attractive young women with gowns and manners from town creates a number of small social ripples. The descriptions of country life are given with pleasant detail; the heroines have distinct individualities; three suitors complicate the plot; and the story is light and diverting, and—if such praise be not unwelcome to an up-to-date novel—carries a wholesome moral. Henry Holt & Co.

The hero of Hughes Cornell's novel, "Kenelm's Desire," is a young Alaska Indian, of chieftain's blood, educated among white boys and girls at a mining town in British Columbia, and feeling at no disadvantage with them till his passion for a pretty stranger from San Francisco puts the principle of social equality to a sharp test. Scenery still new to tourists and novel-readers makes an effective background; the English rector and his wife, with the Scotch Customs Agent, are conservative factors in a plot in which provincial politics play a part; the relations between Indian, half-breed and white are portrayed with an evident intention of candor; the heroine's alternations of feeling are frankly shown; and Kenelm himself is a picturesque figure. The story may not convince, but it is fresh and readable, and shows talent, in spite of crudities. Little, Brown & Co.

Harvard football men are to the fore in this season's fiction, and it is a particularly likable young fellow whom Gamallel Bradford, Jr., introduces, in "Between Two Masters," as he stands hesitating between the career which will make him heir to his uncle's millions and his own "fool doubts" about business ethics. Both sides of the "tainted money" question are frankly presented, and a vivid scene from the stock-market is offset by some realistic failures in philanthropy. A good specimen of the hearty, out-of-doors girl is the handsome cousin who seems likely to be thrown into the quivering balances, will-she, nill-she: but when her clever, fascinating and impecunious school-friend appears on the scene, followed by a demure young settlement worker, and the two are met by an ascetic clergyman and a dashing journalist, the discriminating reader perceives that there will be time for several changes of partners before

the curtain falls. Golfing and yachting—each in local color—divide the interest with slumming, and though the critic, as well as the social reformer, might have been better pleased if the effects had been more concentrated, the readable qualities of the book will commend its message to a wide public. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The opening story of the round two dozen which O. Henry gathers into book form under the title "The Four Million," is unfortunately chosen, but the reader who lays down the volume inferring that it contains only rollicking fun of a rather obvious type will deprive himself of a deal of pleasure by his precipitancy. Mirth, romance, satire and pathos follow each other in quick succession in these brilliant studies of New York life, with the figures of Della and Jim, struggling to maintain their modest flat by his art and her music; Soapy, vainly trying to catch the eye of the cop who shall start him for his winter quarters on the Island; the cosmopolite from Mat-tawamkeag, Maine; the type-writer, starving in her skylight room; Maggie Toole, smuggling in her dago admirer for the dance of the Give and Take Athletic Association; Ikey Schonstein with his love-philtre and old Anthony Rockwall of Rockwall's Eureka soap, "nearly as impolite and disagreeable and ill-mannered as the two old Knickerbocker gents that can't sleep o'nights because he's bought in between 'em;" Jerry O'Donovan, oblivious of his bride in his cab; the Sisters of the Golden Circle; and Dulcie of the Department Store, with her six dollars a week. To a keen perception, wide sympathy with human nature, and unusual powers of portraiture, Mr. Henry adds a crisp and pungent style which delights the reader by its unexpected turns. McClure, Phillips & Co.

